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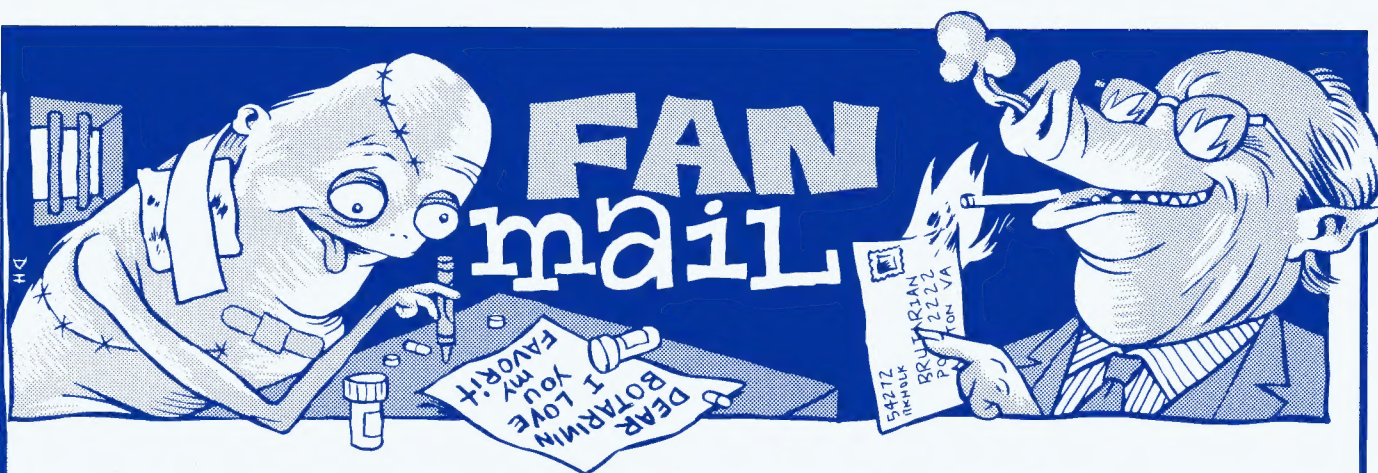
FLORIDA

INTERVIEWS WITH:
(HUMAN TORNADO) RUDY RAY MOORE
AND LISA SUCKDOG...also
& MIKE DIANA UPDATE

PLUS:
OBSCENE
COMICS
AND
DRUNKEN
REVIEWS

*ADULTS ONLY

HOMAGE TO MIKE - S. CUNNINGHAM 1991



Dear Wannabe Men:

Thank God my beloved fiancé Danny Rolling confessed! Now everyone will know why I'm head-over-heels in love with this gorgeous hunk of man. And how could I not be? Any girl would swoon over him once they learned what he was capable of. Just listen to what this luscious lothario did in a single night. He brutally stabbed three sluts with a knife after raping them. Then with one prodigious stroke of his manly machete he cut off one of their heads. Mmmm, I'm getting wet just thinking about it aren't you girls? Then, to show he wasn't a pussy, he took on a man who lived in the same house. Sure the punk was sleeping but my roughhouse Romeo drove his blade so deeply into his back that he damaged the jerk's spine. Sigh! Another stupid bitch heard the noise and tried to stop my Danny. Can you imagine that? Trying to stop my superhuman he-male? Well, that cunt got what she deserved. But before being filled more full of holes than a piece of swiss cheese the whore got what I so long for: a hard, brutal ride on Dan Dan's monstrous cock. Oh God! What a man, I'm sure you'll agree. And you know something? He's all mine. All mine, I tell you. You hear? Ah hah hah hah hah hah hah . . .

Torn & Frayed,
Sondra London
Serialsville, FLA

Dear Knee-Jerk Liberals:

You certainly are making a lot of noise about my being an extremely conservative fascist, ahem, ah Republican. I know my party is a bastion of the old. I'm quite aware that I'm host of a program which celebrates alternative rock and for most GOPers rock and roll started and ended with Bill Haley. I understand that I'm a woman and *that* makes me, at most, a second class citizen in this "big tent." Yes,

yes, yes, I'm cognizant of all of this and it simply does not matter. And do you know why boys and girls? Do you? You may think you do but you don't. Here is the reason: I'm not very pretty. Except to all these geeky white men. To them, I'm a babe, one hot hot chick. God when I parade around those two thousand dollar a plate dinners in my patented, ultra-tight pantsuits I can just feel the hundreds of watery, bespectacled eyes glued to the outline of my vulva. Laugh if you want to, at least I'm the queen of my world.

Of course I'm no,
Kennedy
MTVille

To All The Members Of The Woodstock Generation:

Hey! I'm out of prison! Does anybody care? I've got a stairmaster and I almost look like a human being now. Does anybody know Steve Stills or Graham Nash's phone number? Wait . . . just a song before I go . . . No . . . does anybody here remember my name? . . . Almost got my hair cut today . . . Goddamnit! These were great songs. Isn't anybody teaching their children? I've got a code. That I can live by. And so . . .

Lost In the 90s,
David "I Was Once A Byrd" Crosby
Hollywood, CA

O! My black brothers and sisters:

I come to you with a heavy heart. And that is thanks to those vile, pernicious, hook-nosed, herring-breathed, crook-backed Jews! These scrofulous Shylocks not being steeped in the traditions and culture of the black race are attempting to turn the divinely inspired words of the Nation of Islam into a wedge between us. These hateful himeys know not that when

I deem Jewery a gutter religion, I, as a black man, am saying it is a faith like American Islam that has grown stronger through relegation to the ghettos of society. When I, through my associates, claim the Jews to be the bloodsuckers of the Black nation, I am saying that Afro-Americans, like Jews, should feed off each other, feed off the rich black cultural heritage and gain strength from it. And when I hear the raucous laughter of my brethren in the darkened theatres showing *Schindler's List*, I grow glad. Humor has always been a great balm for my people. Ask me why we should not laugh at the marvelous irony of hideous Hassids being shoved into an oven and baked until they are the color of our African brothers and sisters. The color black. God's color. The color of God's chosen people.

Veritably Shaking With Rage,
Little Louie Farrakhan &
His Disciples of Soul
Chikikego, IL

Fellow Mourners:

He was perhaps the biggest Dick of our times. A warm man: he allowed himself to be hugged by that great entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr. And this was in the days when darkies did not bear the political cachet they do today. He was a great intellectual—who can forget his end around call in the Dolphins- Redskins Superbowl? Yes, the play lost thirty-two yards but the coach, George Allen, agreed it was the right call. And finally, and most importantly, R.N. was a devout follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. As Henry Kissinger, a Jew, respectfully noted: "Only Der Führer would have had the chutzpah to spritz a bunch of alter kockers on a goy trayf sabat. Amen to that!

With Deep Sorrow,
Billy Graham
Iscaiotville, NC



THE TAKING OF LUKE PERRY <i>by fuckin' crites</i>	2
DOIN' IT TO DEATH WITH DOLEMITE RUDY RAY MOORE <i>by aaron lee</i> . . .	6
SPEAKING OF THE DEAD . . . CANNIBAL CORPSE <i>by dom salemi</i>	20
ATTACK OF THE ATTACKABOTTONIS <i>w/ lisa suckdog & dame darcy</i>	26
CELLULOID VOID <i>w/ r. doane, c. regala, d. salemi & e. santilli</i>	32
SIX PACK THEATER <i>by ozzy fide</i>	42
ONAN THE BRUTARIAN <i>by brian horrorwitz</i>	48
BRUTARIAN LIBRARY <i>w/ d. bassett, r. doane & d. salemi</i>	54
AUDIO DEPRAVATION <i>w/ d. bassett, k. brewer, r. doane, s. jeffries,</i> <i>b. johnson, a. lee, c. regala, j. schoene, d. salemi & a. wright</i>	64
ON MANOR'S MIND <i>by stately wayne manor</i>	76
GARGLE MY BAG <i>by jim schoene</i>	78
front cover: HOMAGE TO MIKE ALEIN METAPHOR	51
<i>by scott cunningham</i>	
back cover: SAVE MIKE <i>by steven cerio</i>	
inside back cover: LOVE <i>by fuckin' crites</i>	
illustration for "The Taking of Luke Perry" I'M THE POPE, MAN	3
<i>by danny hellman</i>	62
GRASSHOPPER BOY	14
FUCK FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION	40
<i>by mike diana</i>	
POMBO	24
<i>by doug allen</i>	
SHERLOCK HOLMES & DOCTOR WATSON	31
LIVES OF THE CARTOONISTS	47
<i>by paul revess</i>	

just drink more beer
more and more beer . . .
and don't forget your Brahms
and your Bach and your
beer . . .
stay with the beer.
beer is continuous blood.
a continuous lover.
drink more beer.
there's time.
and if there's not
that's all right
too.



Charles Bukowski: "How to be a Great Writer"

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Taking of Luke Perry

The

We were down in Long Beach, at Jim's apartment out by the shipyards. *The Occult History of the Third Reich* was on TV with the sound off, and we were listening to ABBA's *Super Trooper*. A commercial came on, and I picked up the glass pipestem we were using and started heating it.

I heard shitty beach music, then a screech of outrage from Jim. "NINOHTWOONEOH! What the FUCK!"

Then he wasn't making any sense, gibbering and speaking in tongues. I held my breath, thinking only how odd it was that crack fumes tasted like a tall can of Budweiser.

When I came to, Jim was still ranting.

"That little fuck! Rich little cunt gets paid for acting like a rich little cunt! Where does he come from? He's got an expression on his face like he's just been ass-fucked and he's trying to hide it!"

I looked up and caught a glimpse of a pinched, oily visage smirking out at me from the television. It was Luke Perry. He did indeed look like he was trying to cover up some deep, penetrating anal pain. And he wasn't old enough to have hemorrhoids.

Jim continued, "I'm gonna give that punk some REAL acting lessons. I'm going to find him, and I'M GOING TO FUCK LUKE PERRY IN THE ASS!"

I considered poking Jim in the eye with the hot end of the pipe, but we'd already broken the fucking thing down to about an inch and a half. Besides, he outweighed me by a good seventy pounds.

"Jim my boy, you can't just up and sodomize a star. Everyone would be doing it. Besides, you're not a faggot."

"Don't matter," he replied testily. "I'm the one doin' the fucking, it don't make me a queer. Just like prison. I know they sometimes film *Beverly Hills 90210* outside that hamburger place on Melrose. Sandra works at the record store near there, and she said they're shooting today. LET'S GO!"

Jim had built himself up a headful of steam, and there wasn't much I could do to stop him. I was stunned at the thought of what thousands of rich brats and wannabes would go through when they learned that their idol and masturbatory fantasy had been violently cornholed by a two-hundred pound tattooed psychotic. I smiled.

Jim drove. His car was a shit-brown 1974 Monte Carlo. It wasn't pretty, and it sucked more gas in a week than most whores do dicks in a lifetime, but it was fierce and indestructible. One bad night it had disabled four parked cars and a bum with his shopping cart of bottles and driven away with only a busted headlight, smashed grill, and a single flat front tire. Jim woke up unharmed two blocks later, wondering why in hell the damn thing was listing to the right.

We made it from Long Bitch to Hollywood in thirty minutes. When we hit Melrose we kept watch for security flunkies and limos, and were rewarded in surprisingly good time. There was a fleet of film vans and a sidewalk full of groupies swarming around a corner parking lot. The car idled as we watched some poof squeal directions, then a trampy-looking rich girl and our boy started screaming at each other. The shouting match over, our target wheeled around, stormed toward a white BMW, got in, and peeled for the street.

I'm sure the director never meant for Mr. Perry to drive very far, but we had a script of our own. Jim aimed the V-8 straight at the crowd, causing young Luke to gasp in outrage at this intrusion and lose control of his vehicle. The gang of pre-pubescent gerbils exploded in frenzy, fleeing the scene, pushing down or carrying away all figures of authority present. We had a clean shot at Mr. Beverly Hills. And we hit him at speed, catching the rear side of the beamer and carrying the fucker out of the driveway and down the block. Jim plowed it up onto a curb and I jumped out and ran up to Luke.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

by Fuckin' Crites



"Uh, yeah man, I think so . . ."

"Too bad," I said, and hit him behind the ear with a sap I'd made from leather scraps and fishing weights. He uttered a lady like, "Oh-h-h . . ." and collapsed, whereupon I grabbed him under the arms and hauled him out over the door. Jim had the trunk open and waiting, and together we tossed him in on top of four cases of Schaefer beer.

"Hey, wait a second, what if he drinks our beer and pisses in my car?" asked Jim as we got in up front.

"Forget it. Pussies like that won't touch anything domestic." We left the scene fast, taking with us the dream of a worthless generation.

The next six hours were incredibly ugly. We'd considered taking him up behind the Hollywood sign and flogging him half to death before hanging him upside-down from the "Y," but decided we needed a really secluded area.

There was a quonset hut that stuck out of one of the hills overlooking the valley, and we'd broken in before for weekends of revelry. It was an old and forgotten fallout shelter, deserted, isolated, and perfect for our depraved plans. There was even a gas-powered generator there for the lights.

We parked in a copse of trees after once again breaking the lock on the gate of the gravel driveway. We opened the trunk.

"What the FUCK are you DOING? You assholes are in serious trouble. Do you know who I am? I AM BEVERLY HILLS 90210!"

The boy could really act. Jim backhanded him like he was a girl and bounced his head off the bumper.

"Relax, hero," Jim told him. "We're havin' a party. We brought you up here to get laid."

"Don't do me any favors, O.K. fat boy?" Perry shot back. "Every bitch in L.A. would pay to suck me off, and the fags all have my picture on their ceilings. Just get back in the car and take me to the shoot. You're already in BIG trouble!"

Jim shrugged, giving me a "what-can-you-do" look. Then he clocked Perry, knocking him down again. Jim dragged him into the shelter by his hair, while I carried in a case of beer and a bottle of Southern Comfort from the glovebox. We got in, kicked up the generator, and slammed and bolted the door. Perry didn't look so good. He mumbled something about money.

"What?" Jim demanded.

"I'll pay . . . a lot . . . c'mon fellas, this isn't funny, really. Wanna be on TV? I know everyone, man, I've got clout . . ."

"Shut-up," I said, and cracked the Comfort. "Drink some of this."

"Ew . . . don't you have any Jaegermeister?"

Jim looked like he wanted to hit him again. "Drink up," he barked. "I mean it."

I slapped a Jesus Lizard tape in the player. Perry started to look scared. But he shut up and drank. We sat there under a bare lightbulb, Jim and I matching beers and glaring at Luke until he'd take another drink.

Then it happened. One moment Jim was tossing back the last of a Schaf, the next he was up and had Perry over a footlocker. Luke had been putting in his twenty minutes a day on the Soloflex, but had obviously never been in a fight in his life, or even watched pro-wrestling.

It was bad. I couldn't watch. I had to watch. It was worse than *Deliverance*. It sounded like a couple of Satanists had trapped a poodle inside an abandoned washing machine and set the thing on fire.

When it was over, Jim found a bottle of jalapeños and stuck a few up Luke's ass, to give him something to think about when he woke up. He'd passed out from liquor, terror, and pain.

I'd finished the bottle while Jim did his job, but I was still too sober for comfort in the face of this heinous grief we'd visited onto the symbol of an entire social class. A serious celebration was in order.

I pulled out my straight razor and hacked off as much of Perry's gelled mop of hair as I could, using beer for lather. He was an honorary skinhead now. We'd jumped him in.

We took our empties with us and tossed them and Perry back into the trunk. Jim seemed calm, detached. We drove into Compton, pulling in behind Cleford's BBQ Pit.

Inside the trunk, Luke had thrown up, but was still passed out, breathing raggedly and shuddering. We left him there, naked, unconscious, smeared with vomit and with a shaved head and sore ass. They'd probably have to write chemotherapy into the script somewhere, but at least we'd know where that shitty little expression had come from.

Before we went home we took a drive down Hollywood Boulevard. At a red light, Jim leaned out his window toward some girls in a pink VW convertible.

"I just fucked Luke Perry in the ass!" he shouted.

"Ooooh!" they said in unison. "Can we suck your dick?"

It was going to be a good night. ☐



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ask for David

DOWN IT TO DEATH

*interview
by aaron lee*



WITH DOLEMITE

I'm not going to waste a lot of time telling you about semi-legendary comic, filmmaker, storyteller and rapper Rudy Ray Moore.

White people got to know him through his hilarious seventies Dolemite films. Black people came to him through his

stand-up work in the late fifties and on through the six-

ties. The last decade or so has seen Moore largely in-

active but recently he's hit the comeback trail play-

ing clubs in black communities and bigger venues

in larger cities as part of an old-school scato-

logical comic revue. Because tickets for

most of Rudy's shows start at around

\$18.50, *Blue Persuasion's* Aaron Lee fig-

ured it'd be cheaper to talk to him on

the phone. Which turned out to be

a mistake since Rudy lives in LA

and Aaron hails from Lex-

ington, Kentucky. Some

words of advice for Mr.

Lee: always, always

have the celebrities

call you. You're

the one who's

doing them

the favor.

MOORE

Rudy Ok double-A. Where are you calling from?

Brut Lexington, Kentucky!

Rudy I used to come to Lexington and work at a club there . . . What was it called? I forget the name 'cause it was so long ago.

Brut Must've been years, Rudy. 'cause there are no good clubs here now. Especially for comedy.

Rudy Well this wasn't a comedy club, 'cause they didn't have no such thing at that time. I come there, Lady Reed and myself, and we TOE LEXINGTON KIN-TUCKY UP. I think the fella was named Washington who run that club. [The club turned out to have been called Up Jump The Devil!]

Brut This was the 70s?

Rudy Yes, mid-70s.

Brut Do you still get around?

Rudy Oh yes, I'm touring constantly. Aunt Esther and myself. But I'm afraid I've lost all my contacts in your area. I goes to Atlanta, I goes to Miami, Mobile . . . Montgomery, Alabama, New Orleans, all down in there.

Brut You're from St. Louis, right?

Rudy No.

Brut I was in a record shop which had your picture autographed, and the man behind the counter said, "Oh yeah, he comes through here all the time. He was born here."

Rudy No. Redd Foxx is from St. Louis. I lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas as a child. But I moved to Cleveland as a teenager, to stay with an aunt. That's where I got my

show business roots to work night-clubs and such, in Cleveland.

Brut Well at that lying-ass son of a bitch's record shop, I picked up some great old R&B singles you recorded in the 50s.

Rudy On Federal?

Brut Yeah, like "Step It Up and Go" . . .

Rudy "The Buggy Ride," "Let Me Come Home," Robby-Dobby" . . .

Brut I love those singles! You gotta reissue them.

Rudy No! I don't even want to hear that stuff. I'll tell you what happened. When Federal went out of business, they damn near dumped it to some fool. All of them old records. And somebody got 'em in a catalog. And they sells 'em at enormous prices, as nostalgia stuff. It's a bygone era for me, you know.

Brut I suppose you didn't see a penny from those "nostalgia prices."

Rudy Hell no! I also recorded many records as a singer with King Record Company, out of Cincinnati. I did not make it as a singer, I think, because . . . [pause] Pat Boone stood in my shadow. I tried to make it during the same years Pat Boone was trying. There were some blacks that come out of the rock 'n' roll field who did survive, but even they did not survive well. The white artistes took their stuff and run away with it. Even the great Little Richard. Pat Boone walked away with "Tutti Frutti," "Long Tall Sally." He took Fats Domino's "Ain't That A Shame." And he had the hits. Bill Haley took Joe Turner's "Rock Around The Clock." Georgia Gibbs takin' "Dance With Me Henry," which was Etta James'. You know LaVern Baker's "Tweedlee-Dee?" Georgia Gibbs copied that too. We

were having a rough time in that period. Pat Boone was the one who got all the breaks, while I and many others suffered and didn't make it.

Brut And on top of all that Pat Boone really, really sucks.

Rudy I called him The Imitator. There's nothing worse than The Imitator, and nothing greater than The Originator . . . so I turned to comedy.

Brut Had you always been a cut-up? Getting expelled for doing a Dolemite rap in third grade and stuff like that?

Rudy No, I was more the quiet type. In my younger days I always wanted to be a singer. I also wanted to do poetry, 'cause my mother had me doing poetry for school programs and such.

Brut When did those poems turn into hilarious shit like "He filled all our stockings with pretzels and beer/And a big rubber dick for my brother the queer?"

Rudy Well, when I was in the service I knew that I wanted to do comedy. I had been singin' and dancin' with an old entertainer by the name of Stella Caldonia Young. She also did comedy, and she was so hilarious. I watched her all through the years, as a teenager, until I had learned her act by heart. So after this experience with Stella, I'd go to the service clubs where they put on shows. And one day one of the acts wasn't ready. Somebody yelled, "Do something! Tell a joke!" I got up there, did Stella's act, and tore it up. People was fallin' out! So from that day on, I knew. She is the one who influenced me to be a comedian.

Brut And this was at a time when there was no *Comedy Central*, or *Def Comedy Jam*.

Rudy We had what was called Black and Tan nightclubs. And



when we went out to work, it was the Chitlin Circuit. We had clubs throughout the country. The Bluegrass in Cleveland. The Rum Boogie in Chicago. The Orchid Room in Kansas City. Small's Paradise in New York. The Ebony Club in Houston. The entertainers would get together to call these places, and we'd book our selves. Spend two, three weeks and catch a Greyhound bus to a new city. Flame Showbar in Milwaukee was one of the best clubs... Detroit had a Flame too, along with the Twenty Grand and the Chesterfield. But the biggest club at that time was Detroit's Three Sixes, with acts such as Lena Horne. And Martha Louis, the better half of the great Joe Louis. She was singing with Lena at that time. They called 'em Marvelous Martha and Luscious Lena [laughs].

Brut: Did you tour with a band?

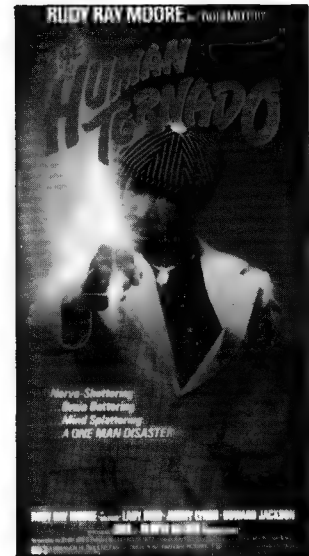
Rudy: No, the clubs had a house band whether we was there or not. We'd rehearse with a band as much as we could once we got there.

Brut: And "we" was you and Skillet and Leroy?

Rudy: No, no one toured with me. In the later period of my career, when I had my own shows, Lady Reed would appear. And when comedy clubs come on the scene, we could put on a whole comedy show. But I was speaking more of my early years. It was just me and the house band. The guy who owned the club would put together so many acts, and then he would have his local acts. And a chorus line. They always had a chorus line at that time. Chicago had a club run by two Eytalian brothers, called the Club de Lee-sa, that would put on the biggest program... all the comedians, dancers and singers goin' on one stage. A typical program would be me comin' in from Cleveland, where I still lived at the time. And Stella Caldonia Young, also in from Cleveland. A singer or two outta Kansas City. We'd all meet there and do our rehearsal. And those were the days.

Brut: What kind of crowds would you get? Did any white people show up?

Rudy: Well, this was the segregated period of that time. The whites would sneak out to the black clubs and be a great part of our audience. Primarily, it was black... but it was not strange to see a good



white crowd mixed in. And they kept coming back to the Black and Tans until the mid-60s when the areas became more violent. The whites was afraid to ever go through a black neighborhood. Today, that's still the case.

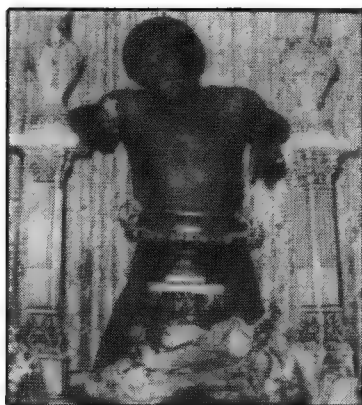
Brut: Did that violence ever spill over into the club?

Rudy: No. At that time we welcomed 'em wholly! 'Cause you made good money with the white crowd. But later, I have to admit it did get terrible, and they run the crowd off.

Brut: How did you deal with troublemakers while you were on stage? 'Cause I've got a couple live albums where you humiliate hecklers.

Rudy: Hecking has been a part of show business since before my time, you know? A person just has to withstand and combat it. That's how you become what you are. It doesn't bother me 'cause it could save me from structured material I'd be using. If it's a fool, though, it could through me off [laughs].

Brut: You must have encountered some famous faces on the Chitlin Circuit.



Rudy Well, LuWanda Paige and myself have always worked together a lot. You know, Aunt Esther on *Sanford and Son*. And Redd Foxx as well. I worked with Moms Mabley quite a bit.

Brut Who was your favorite?

Rudy Of the old comedians?

Brut Yeah, if you wanted to see somebody to make you laugh.

Rudy Some that never became too famous. I liked one called Hot Ashes. I liked Hattie Noell, and especially Billy Mitchell. They were some terrible risqué comedians. And Butter Beans and Susie, they was red hot in that period. Pigmeat Markham was real good live. I would go see all them, the risqué comedians that were more popular with the youngsters.



Brut Were you always a risqué comedian?

Rudy No, that come along with the creation of Dolemite. In fact, Dolemite is the world's first record album to come out using explicit language. Of all the party records.

Brut And that was your very first record?

Rudy Comedy record, yes. *Eat Out More Often Featuring Dolemite*. Now Redd Foxx did party records years before I did, but not with that type of cussin'. You couldn't go that far at that time. When I did, it was a bold approach. I wasn't sure I could get away with it. But I did. And that record became the backbone of most young comedians today. If I hadn't of took that step forward then . . .

Brut Do you get credit from those performers like Eddie Murphy, or Richard Pryor?

Rudy Eddie has stated that he grew up on me. But Richard Pryor never give me any credit at all. Now I've taken nothing from him, but I'm sure that what I did influenced his career. I had these kind of records out five years before Pryor ever recorded one. Today there are many groups to give Pryor credit for being the first to bring this humor to the market. But it's wrong. I am the first. I want to set the record straight, and that is what I'm doing right here in this interview. I am the beginner of what I call Ghetto Expression. To make it a form of art I don't use the term "dirty rap" or "dirty words," I say Ghetto Expression.

Brut The language of your surroundings.

Rudy Yes. They talked it on the streets, but it wasn't done on record

and in the nightclub until I did it. I was a little frightened when I done it, but it was something I could hit with, you know?

Brut How did you convince Kent Records to release something so controversial?

Rudy I put out my first record myself. After it hit, Kent was the pressing plant. Then they asked if they could distribute it for me across the country. Locally, in the state of California, it always appeared on my label, CI—Comedian International.

Brut Were any other artists released through CI?

Rudy I helped a lot of comedians out. There were four different ones I worked with. Primarily Lady Reed, Gregory Tutt, Jerry Walker and Billy McAllister.

Brut One name I always see listed on your records is Ted Toney. Sometimes it's "executive producer," sometimes it's "management."

Rudy T. Toney was a person who . . . [cautiously] worked with me from being involved as a regular job . . . [pause] well, he had nothing to do except pushing entertainers, and I agreed to bring him along with me. I was the total backbone and creator. My career was conceived, produced and directed by me, not T. Toney.

Brut Explain the concept that is Dolemite to our more ig'nant readers.

Rudy Dolemite was a legend told by the liquor store and beer joint wise men. These men sit out front of the liquor store, and drink beer, and LIE all day. And they come out with these old nostalgia tales. One of them told me Dolemite years and years ago. People used to laugh at it so much . . . I says if I record that,

what will it do? 'Cause I'm a professional comedian anyway. All I gotta do is rap it, put it on record with some music behind it, and it hits. Smash hit. Instantly. So the truth is, I got Dolemite from a wino named Rico.

Brut: But to me, you are Dolemite.

Rudy: I come to be the character. After I developed the character, I did a movie, and carried the character further. But Dolemite remains just that—a character.

Brut: I guess it's just hard for me to separate the two of you in my mind.

Rudy: No, well, I AM Dolemite! Everywhere I go . . . "Rudy Ray Moore, Mister Dolemite himself comes to town!" Always, they puts Dolemite on any advertisement they puts me on.

Brut: Were the Dolemite movies, like, documentaries of your life back then?

Rudy: No. I was the character totally on stage. But in real life, I was a church-goin' gentleman.

Brut: To this day?

Rudy: Yes! I don't do all of that cussin' and so forth . . . until I get on stage. 'Cause that's the way I make my living.

Brut: Where did the name Dolemite come from? Was that handed down with the rest of the legend?

Rudy: Yes, but I have got another interpretation of it. It means strength. In other words, I took another meaning from the black vitamin pills out called Dolemite. Petey Wheatstraw, that's another name from the liquor store folldore tales.

Brut: Along with all the stuff in the movie *Petey Wheatstraw*, like marrying the Devil's daughter and having super powers?

Rudy: No, that has been prepared, you know. The director, he came up with a story on it. Although the original idea and synopsis was basically mine.

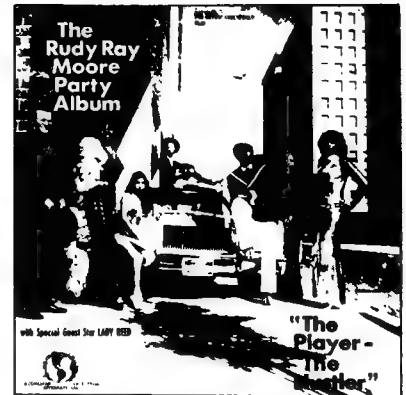
Brut: How did the first movie [*Dolemite*] come about? Did Kent Records say, "Let's make a movie for this much money?"

Rudy: Now see, once again, I am totally self-made with everything. Records, movies, concerts, all. We used to go to Oakland See-Ay and buy so much radio time. We'd get together the liquor, put my commercial on the radio, and go to the club about eight in the evening. Get on the door immediately and start taking the money ourselves, 'cause that's how you made it. And when it come time to make a movie I was gonna do it exactly the same way. With my own money on the line as much as anybody else's.

Brut: When I was watching *Dolemite* the other day, I was reminded how much of the film was so serious. That scene at the beginning when the kid gets killed in a drive-by . . . that's pretty hardcore for a comedy.

Rudy: My idea was to make a comedy movie with violent overtones because . . . I felt this would appeal to the audience more so than just a chuckle. {pause} But I didn't have much money. You'll see films of mine . . . that have flaws in 'em . . . but let's face it, I was working with chump change.

Brut: Yeah, but Rudy, who cares! I would much rather watch *Human Tornado* again than sit through *Jurassic Park*! You know how to deliver the shit that people want to see. Put on a Rudy Ray



Moore video at a party and everybody goes crazy!

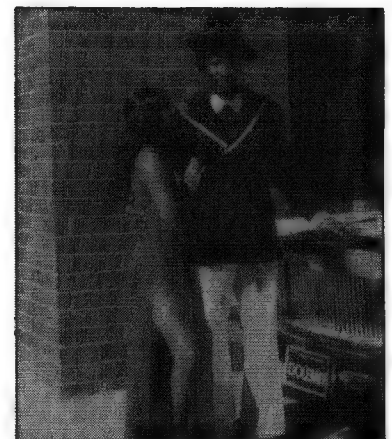
Rudy: That's right. And I still sell these to this day, even to the new generation. People who was three or four years old when they first came out! The want to know, what was Dolemite like? They goes to the video store and rent 'em and find out.

Brut: And they're hooked.

Rudy: I do well with the youngsters. Always.

Brut: Next, you made *Human Tornado* [aka *Dolemite II*], which seems to have more emphasis on the wild comedy.

Rudy: It was meant to be more wild, 'cause even when I throwed the man off the balcony I made comedy out of it. "You should've stayed



down there you no-good . . ." Well people fell out in the theater. It was still very violent, you have to admit.

Brut Unlike *Monkey Hustle*, your first film with a major studio.

Rudy And last. American International Pictures, yes indeed. After I had become popular on my own, AIP called and asked if I would do a picture. They come up with this script and get to me, and never even let me read it. Just put me right in.

Brut That's not right.

Rudy But that was the first and only real break anyone ever give me.

Brut Is that why you never did television appearances?

Rudy I never got any breaks. Ever. It should come now, 'cause . . . I got a lot of prospects now.

Brut Why did you stop with *Avenging Disco Godfather*? That's one of your best movies.

Rudy That was my last action movie because . . . no more money. No backing. I had run out. Dimension Pictures, who I was supposed to get my money and residuals off my pictures from, filed bankruptcy on me. And never paid me. I had no more money, period.

Brut How about that drug trip in *Disco Godfather*? That's about the closest I've seen to my own drug experiences on film. Was that based on personal experimentation?

Rudy No, that was totally based on the screenwriter's creation, and me, acting.

Brut And the kung-fu in your movies, was that a stuntman?

Rudy No, I was instructed by a martial arts champion, name of Howard Jackson. He prepared me for the screen. He staged all the fight scenes and instructed me for a month at Chuck Norris' school. I never did it off-screen or as a profession. I did it as a coordination of a dance; like a modern dance, in other words. I did modern dancing at one point in my career, but not too much now.

Brut Your movies must have been great to see in a theater, with a big crowd.

Rudy I had people lining the streets for blocks. Packed houses. When I went to New York for *Dolemite*, I was there at twelve noon, the Lyric theater on 42nd Street and Broadway. I had fifteen hundred and one people in that theater, that's all they could fit in. Sold out 'cause they was lined against the wall. People loved me in that period.

Brut And what about your new generation of fans? What have you got coming out for the people who love you today?

Rudy I'm getting ready to do a movie called *The Comedy Club*, possibly with LuWanda Paige. It's a comedy-action film. We wanna try and have it ready for Easter.

Brut With the popularity of hip-hop right now, it's the perfect time for you to come out with a new rap record.

Rudy Yes, well, I'm rapping now with Eazy-E.

Brut I heard that song you did with him last year, "Merry Muthafuckin' X-mas." That was the only good track on the record!

Rudy We got the new one coming out now, called [dramatically] "Tem-

poRARY InSANity" . . . should be out soon.

Brut But I'd rather hear a Rudy Ray Moore solo LP.

Rudy I do have one, *The Rap Attack*. It will be revitalized the first of the year. I had it out but there's some things I didn't like so I'm tearing it apart. I have all the music digitally computed.

Brut Do you enjoy today's rap music?

Rudy Well I'm the GODFATHER of rap! I'm the one started rap for this particular - you heard me rap as *Dolemite*?

Brut Of course!

Rudy "Shine," "Signifying Monkey"?

Brut Yes, yes.

Rudy Where I said "Way down in the jungle deep/Lion stepped on the monkey's feet"? Well those are the raps of that period. And all of the rap artists of today have structured themselves in the, uh, idiom that I come out in. And they uses my records and samples off of 'em, and dubs 'em into theirs.

Brut I hear your old routines on rap records all the time.

Rudy 2 Live Crew just sampled me twenty-one times, and they had me come to Miami to record with them. *2 Live Crew Back for the Nine-Trey*, I'm in that album coming out for January of '94. And Dr. Dre, I've got four samples on his coming out album. I think they all alright, but I'm not directly into any of the young rappers now. I will rap with them because . . . they pay me [laughs].

Brut Like Big Daddy Kane.

Rudy Oh, he's copied me to death. And then he called me to do an album.

Brut One of my all-time favorites, "Big Daddy Kane vs. Dolemite." You made him look silly.

Rudy I told him right off the bat, I'm the Godfather of Rap. I was through with it before he learned what to do with it!

Brut That's the only time I've ever heard a rapper lose a battle on his own record. Y'know, speaking of Kane, where did you come up with some of those phrases he copied, like "Shake your ass, twirl and strike" and "Put your weight on it"?

Rudy My comedy which I get and still do get from those liquor store wise men. I goes to the skid row areas of Los Angeles with a little tape recorder and all around me people tell me jokes. And I polish 'em up and makes 'em my own.

Brut Do you still run your business one-hundred percent yourself?

Rudy Not exactly. I've settled down to just making nightclub appearances, more or less. I've got my agent, and I work with acts like Johnny Taylor, Tyrone Davis and Milie Jackson. Bobby Bland and Clarence Carter, too. Acts I work with while on tour.

Brut What's up with Dolemite?

Rudy I'm in a play called *Dolemite* right now, way off Broadway. Well, not a play, a theater production. Four days in Hollywood at the Ivora theater. I do "Dolemite for President," "Signifying Monkey," "Petey Wheatstraw." All these old tales, up close, in person.

Brut Will there be a *Dolemite III*?

— ORIGINAL ARTWORK FOR SALE —

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Rudy This one coming up, *The Comedy Club*, will be a *Dolemite III*. Then we have one called *The Sons of Dolemite*.

Brut A whole different movie?

Rudy Yeeeah. I had three boys, y'know. 'Cause I was a hellraiser in my youth. I had three women the same night and they all got pregnant. And come out with these three boys. The mothers wanted to get rid of 'em 'cause they all three makin' trouble. So these women say, "I'm sendin' you to your dad." And they all showed up to my place at one time, claiming to be my sons. It's a nice plot.

Brut What's up with some of the old Dolemite posse, like Skillet and Leroy or—

Rudy D'Urville Martin has passed.

Brut Oh shit.

Rudy The one who was in *Dolemite* as Willie Green. He died in 1984, God bless him.

Brut Rudy, you sound like a preacher. The first time I ever heard one of your records I thought you were the wildest preacher on Earth.

Rudy I have thought about that. I told my manager that I may turn to the church. I got a new record now. It's a faith message -not Gospel- called "We're Only Here for a Little While." I told him I may start preaching, but I would have to live it. I would not be a phoney at it. I know I got the delivery for it. But I cannot stop being an entertainer.

Brut It's not often that I get the chance to talk to one of my heroes. so while I've got yo stuck here, I've gotta ask: What advice can you give to a twenty-two year old white guy who wants to follow in your footsteps?

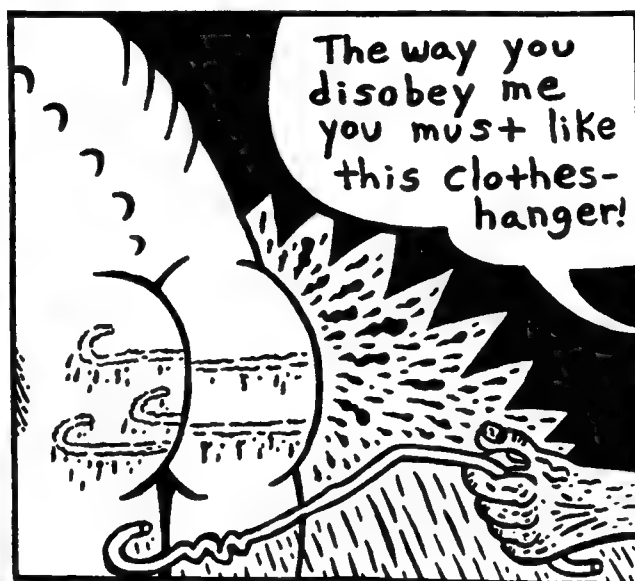
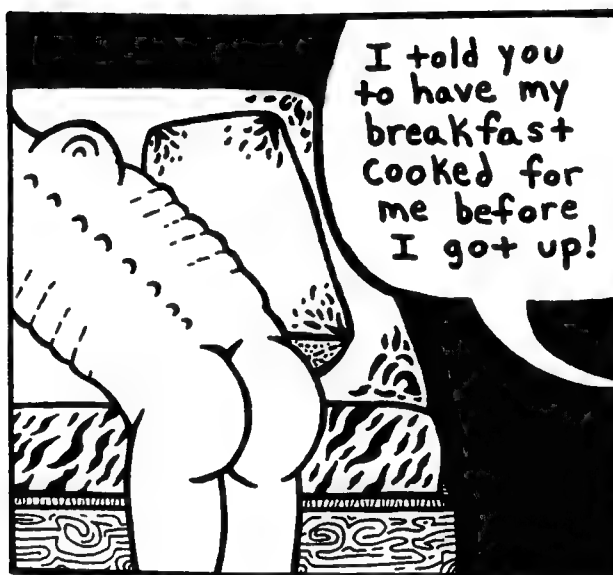
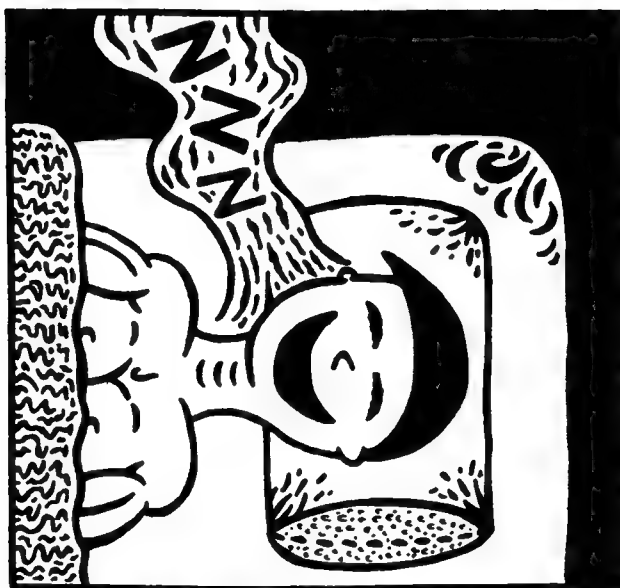
Rudy The main thing you got to develop is what talent you got. You gotta first have something to offer. Everybody gets up and says, "I can do this, I can do that" and they just don't quite have it. But if you got it, you get out here and punch. And believe in yourself, 'cause no one else will. Develop your talent and reach for the moon. And when you miss the moon then cling to a star. Just keep on hustling. And your day will arrive.

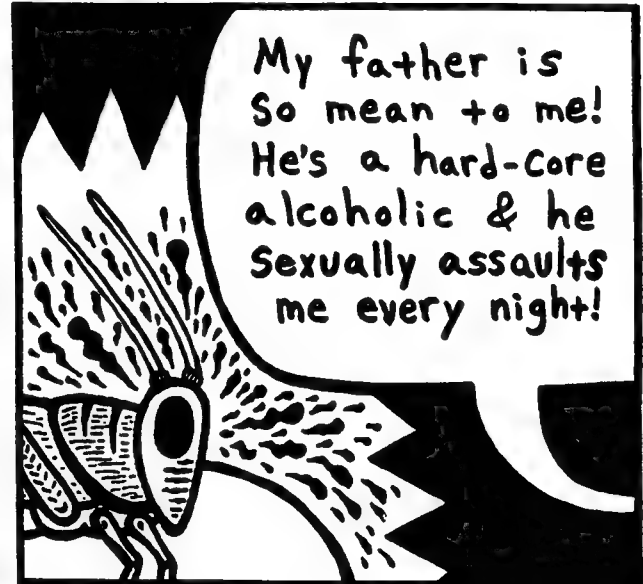
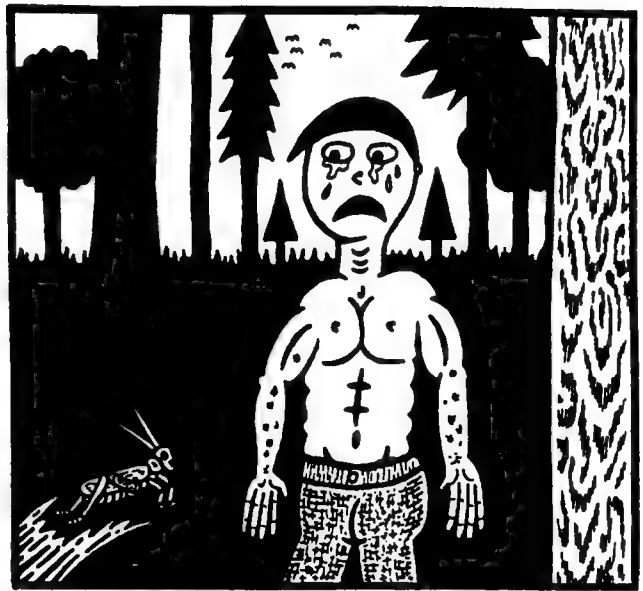
Aaron Lee's thick and tightly packed fanzine has no equal really in the underground demimondaine. That's why we pay him to write for us. To get a copy of his peerless zine take two bucks, put it in an envelope and mail to: 603 East Main, #2, Lexington, KY 40508]



Grasshopper Boy

A large grasshopper is shown in flight, carrying a flag that reads "Grasshopper Boy". The background is dark with white motion lines suggesting speed.

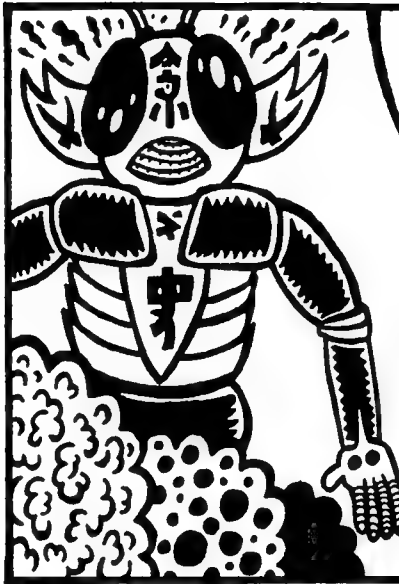






It does understand you Stan!!

What the hell!?



Who are you?
You know my name?!



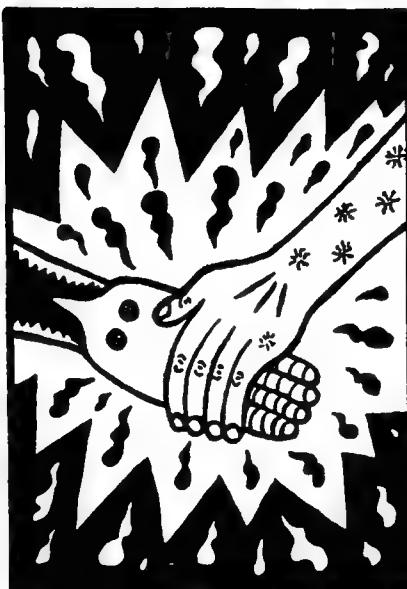
The grass-hoppers told me about you Stan! I came from a far, far away exotic land! Can you dig it?

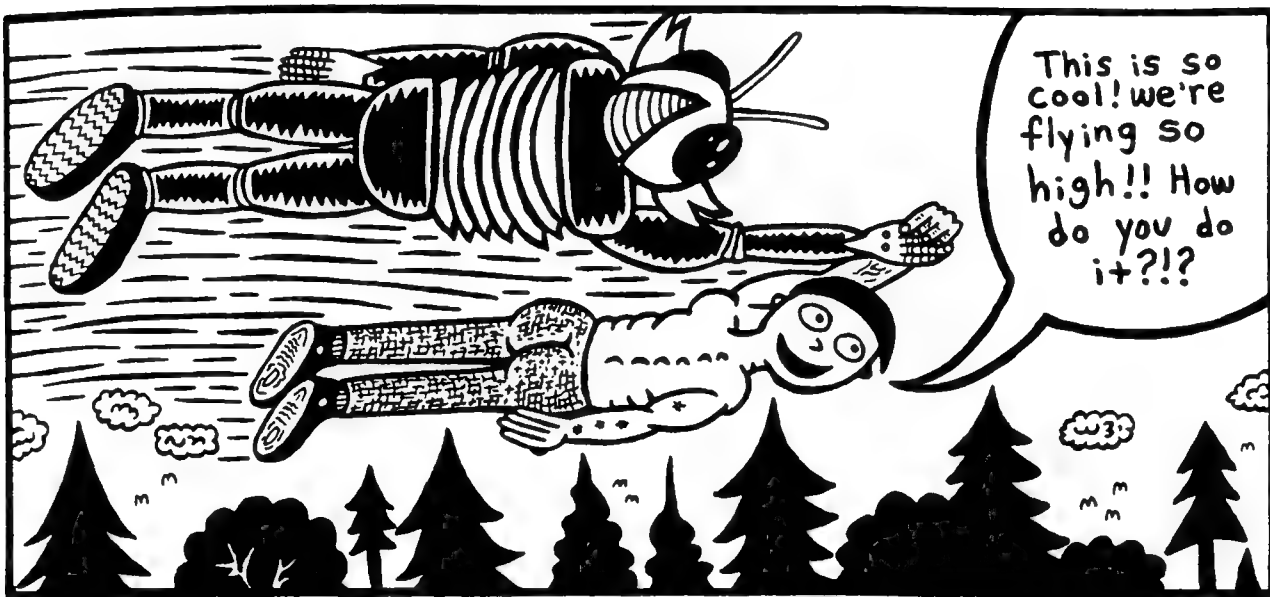
I came to help ya Stan, to set you free! Yer dad fucks ya up your lil' hot, young, tight ass doesn't he Stan? Huh?



yes, he does all the time!

Dont cry, take my hand pal!!









MIKE DIANA'92

SPEAKING OF THE DEAD . . .



A

hhhh, how could you not like a band with a name like this. Conjures up images of all the good things in life doesn't it? Zombie movies, long-pig pickings,

human sacrifice!

B

ut most people don't like this brutal death metal band. The reasons? Well, because they're a death metal band, for one thing. Death metal is a nascent art form. As with rap in its early days, vox pop has condemned the style as anti-music: too harsh, too uncompromising, nugatory at best, mordacious at worst. And Cannibal Corpse hasn't helped themselves much by adorning their album covers with stomach churning pictures of ghouls disemboweling little girls and writing songs like "Fucked With A Knife" and "Entrails Ripped From A Virgin's Cunt." Still, it has helped them achieve a certain notoriety.

A

nd they've still managed to sell a lot of records, despite the fact that many retail outlets refuse to stock Corpse releases, the politically correct continue to call for an outright ban on their product, and countries such as Canada forbid much of the band's work from crossing their sanctimonious borders.

N

one of which would matter to me if the music were dull. It isn't. Although I'm still wrestling with the nuances of the genre and thus can't quite put my finger on what puts these guys ahead of the rest of the ever-growing pack. Yet aside from Autopsy, there really isn't a combo in this demimondaine that puts it over the way Cannibal Corpse does. Nor is there a band more intimidating, so, screwing my courage to the sticking point, I steeled myself for a talk with Corpse's spokesperson, lead singer, lyricist and co-composer Chris Barnes. What I found, and what you'll discover, is a literate, articulate and sensitive young man, a far cry from the misogynistic monster painted by their record company.

**Dom
Salemi**

CANNIBAL CORPSE

Q The general public, as well as most of our readers, I'm sure, know very little about the death metal genre. Could you give us a brief history of the genre, your bands' place in it and where you see the movement going?

A The movement began, well, it's kind of hard to pinpoint, it began toward the end of the punk era in the late seventies and early eighties. People were getting bored with punk and desired, were interested in a sound that was more "metal" but they wanted to use some of the techniques employed in punk. In other words, they wanted to create a new style of music. Metal but more of an extreme kind of metal. And it began with bands like Slayer, Destruction, German bands like Kreator and Sodom. It grew as an underground movement and over the years it's garnered a close-knit following with specialized fans who not only like the music but the lifestyle that accompanies it.

Q Where does your band fit into all of this?

A We've been developing our skills as musicians since we were fifteen or sixteen years old. We're talking '83 or '84. And when we heard some of these [death metal] bands we said, "Wow! Let's try to do something like this." We picked up our instruments and, being fans of the genre, we decided to adopt the style. We enjoyed listening to it and so it was a natural progression. I was always into horror and crazy books and films so my lyrical bent was already leaning in that direction.

Q One thing that's always struck me—it shouldn't have because it's such an obvious and in-

tegral part of the death metal sound—is the distorted, frightening quality of the vocals. Is that the right term to employ when talking about the way one sings in the genre? Are you trying to frighten people?

A Well, it might seem that way. It's more of a fit. The heavy vocals fit with the heavy quality of the music. The two just seem to go hand in hand. It does have a certain horrific tone to it. That's undeniable. But the vocals, to my way of thinking at least, appear to be a natural extension of the musical form we're working in.

Q It's certainly a new way of singing.

A It is and a lot of people have a hard time deciphering it. Which is strange to me but it's a new style of vocalizing. I'd compare it to Mick Jagger's problems when he first began to make himself heard. When the Stones started to get big and people didn't know what the fuck Mick was saying. It was a new style of vocalizing: a white man singing like a black man.

Q Isn't it ironic that the people—the self-styled rock critics who were championing the "new music" twenty years ago are now the first to condemn something new. A few years ago it was rap and today it's death metal.

A Things come full circle. I hope I never close myself off that way to something new.

Q I have to admit, when I first started listening to death metal, I thought to myself, "This is

fucked! What's wrong with these people?" And though I still think so, here I am talking to you despite the left-half of my brain screaming at me to get off the phone. But what my right brain is telling me is this: "You sound like your mother. And if she had said that to you fifteen years ago as she did with Led Zeppelin you would have done what you did then: greet her when she came home from work with "Whole Lotta Love" at stun volume."

A [Chuckling] Exactly. Exactly.

Q Many of your songs deal with putrescence and mutilation and all manner of ungodly things. Were you and the band heavily influenced by gore films?

A Oh yeah! We're all into horror. Myself particularly. I'm totally intrigued by the stories and the plotting in the better ones. Including the films that delve heavily into psychology.

Q Interesting, because I think most of your fans see you and the guys as looking at nothing else other than autopsy footage and slasher films. Really primitive ones on the order of H. G. Lewis.

A No, no. I love suspense and mystery films. I've been watching a lot of Hitchcock lately. Twilight Zone, Night Gallery are a big influence. Sci-fi has something to offer . . .

Q There's only so much gore you can watch before it gets boring. How many times can you show a human body getting diced and sliced . . .



But those were Poe stories and though they were well done I'm a bit prejudiced when it comes to Poe. When I was young, the original version of those two stories scared the shit out of me. Poe wrote some of my favorite stuff.

Q You've talked about looking at your lyrics more like poetry now; are there any other poets besides Poe who've influenced your work?

A Poe to a large extent. And there are, were many others in the horror field. They've stuck. At least subconsciously but Poe is the major influence. In school, English literature and history were my primary interests. And like anything else, you read a lot and things stick. You may not always remember names but lines, stories, bits of verse stick. Short stories always intrigued me more than novels. They were more compressed. More concentrated language, symbolism and emotion.

A I've also been totally turned off with comedy within horror. When I was a kid growing up I watched these films to be scared shitless, not to get a cheesy laugh. I wanted to get frightened!

Q After *Re-Animator* and *Return Of The Living Dead* horror comedies seem to have taken a turn for the worse.

A We were talking about it the other night. And you notice how after *The Terminator* and "I'll be back," all of the horror comedies seem to rely on some moronic tag line? Once it was parody and now it's just a tag line! But again, I'm something of a purist, I suppose. I just don't like mixing horror and comedy.

Q Come to think of it, when was the last time you even saw a good fright movie?

A Actually the last good horror film I saw was *Two Evil Eyes*.

tle differently; we put a little more thought into it. And this carried over into the whole presentation including the cover. Put some of [the more controversial illustrations] on the inside as opposed to the outside.

Q I know you've probably been asked this a million times already but how the hell did you wind up in a mainstream comedy like *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* or whatever the hell it's called?

A James Carey is big into heavy music, Pantera, Napalm Death. Some of the real heavies. I think he recommended us to the director as a band that would look good in the movie. The producers called us and asked us to be in the film.

Q And you weren't about to say, "No we're not going to be in a light Hollywood comedy. Fuck that!"

A [Laughs] "Thanks but no thanks." It was just a little strange that the movie would be a comedy and not a horror film. It was an awesome experience . . . just great to have the opportunity to do that. But you do get the acting bug, man.

Q Did you end up telling the director, "We weren't that good on that take. Could we do another one?"

A [Chuckling] Nah, we didn't even have to say anything because they just made us do things again. They had so much stuff, so much film. They had about ten minutes of footage and cut it down to about thirty seconds.

Q Let's talk about politicians and their attempts to stifle freedom of expression. You've run into some of that with the artwork for your album covers.

Q And poetry is more concentrated still . . .

A Exactly. Metaphors really hit home. You don't have as many words to work with. You don't have as much time! You have to make every word work . . . Symbols are so much more important. Poe was a master at that and that's why I'm always turning to him . . .

Q Let's turn to the new release. I noticed that the cover art has been toned down quite a bit. Was this a conscious decision on your part or are you acceding to record company demands?

A Basically, all of us on this recording had a different outlook. Changes in the band due to a lot of rehearsing, practicing and touring got us to thinking. It's all experience, reflecting on what we're going through and what we've been through and it played a part with this release. We looked at our music a lit-

A It's just so sad when people pick on entertainment, when the government tries to stifle sheer enjoyment of life. I've thought about it, given it a lot of thought and I've decided if they get any more carried away, well, they can lock me up. That's the only way they're going to stop me from writing but they won't stop me from thinking. They can imprison my mind but not my soul . . . It's just so ridiculous, man. If you don't like something . . .

Q **Don't read it!**

A That's it. Don't buy it. I've been saying this for twenty years. When I was a kid if I didn't like something, I wouldn't look at it. Wouldn't give it the time of day. Think of the issue with sex and violence on TV. Parents are complaining because they're worried about the adverse influence it might have on their kids. Well, I'm asking "Where the fuck are the parents when all this shit is going on?" Are they teaching their kids right from wrong?

Q **They're too lazy. Easier to blame something other. They can shirk responsibility that way.**

A That's the problem. People are too lazy to address the problem. So they look for scapegoats to avoid responsibility. So they go after something - like entertainment - that's easy prey.

Q **So you'd agree it's a moronic theory that's become popular now that violence in the media begets real life violence.**

A That's completely absurd. Remember the Judas Priest trial and those poor kids who tried to kill themselves? [One was successful - ed.] Music may set the tone for something or rather provide an appropriate backdrop but hell, if I was going to kill myself I'd put on a blues song.

And I'm sure people have. And if I did it would we have a lawsuit blaming the blues. Would blues then become a target as a form that deliberately attempts to depress people and lead them to suicide? It's called the blues. Is that a good state to put individuals in? Maybe it's time to outlaw it.

Q **I'm sure a lot of people feel that way and at one time there was a movement of sorts to keep it off the airways for that very reason. And with death metal or Judas Priest style metal, it's relatively new, so it's easy to blame it for a whole host of societal ills.**

A Yes. Of course. Rock and roll has always been an easy target.

Q **Do you think the misogyny accusations leveled at the band are well founded? Do you feel that song titles "Stripped, Raped and Strangled" prevent you from reaching more women?**

A We love women. Probably too much. For us women are the purist and most innocent human beings. So we use them as metaphors in our songs.

Q **So instead of lambs, you're using women as symbols?**

A And they're victims because they're so pure. It's a good image. I really don't know why women get so upset about it. Perhaps if they just looked at the lyrics. Certainly if they met me they'd come away with a different view.

Q **You've been quoted as saying your work gives you a chuckle and arouses you sexually. Seems like the appropriate response to Cannibal Corpse. Why then does the average person react so negatively to the band?**

A Some people are afraid to face their own fears and thoughts. Some people are turned off because it's just not the type of music that sends that shiver up their spine. Or doesn't make their ears perk up. A lot of it's just personal taste. But some are offended, I think, because it invades their private thoughts. As far as the music and the band, we want to impress the public that for us, it's not a joke. We put a lot of thought and effort into what we do. It's important. For me, it's not something I do, it's something I live as well.

Q **You're doing a video. It's going to be full of gore and violence, how the hell are you going to get it on Headbanger's Ball?**

A "Staring Through The Eyes Of The Dead" is what we're doing. They'll be some live stuff and some pretty brutal things in there. We have to wait until it's done [laughs] until we see what we can do with it. Whether we need to edit to get it on MTV. Black and white with a Hitchcock bent.

Q **Before we go, are there any other bands working the field we should be listening to?**

A Autopsy is amazing. The new Carcass record is a must have. Lots of stuff out there is very, very good. Obituary, Decide . . .

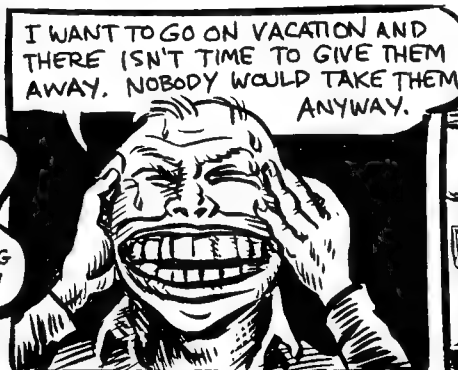
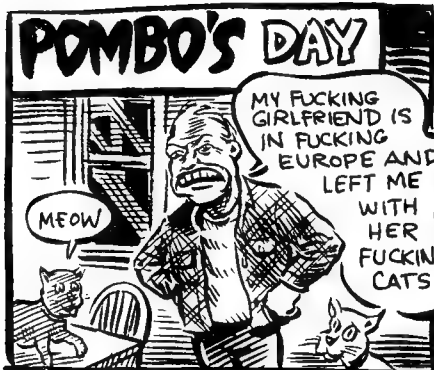
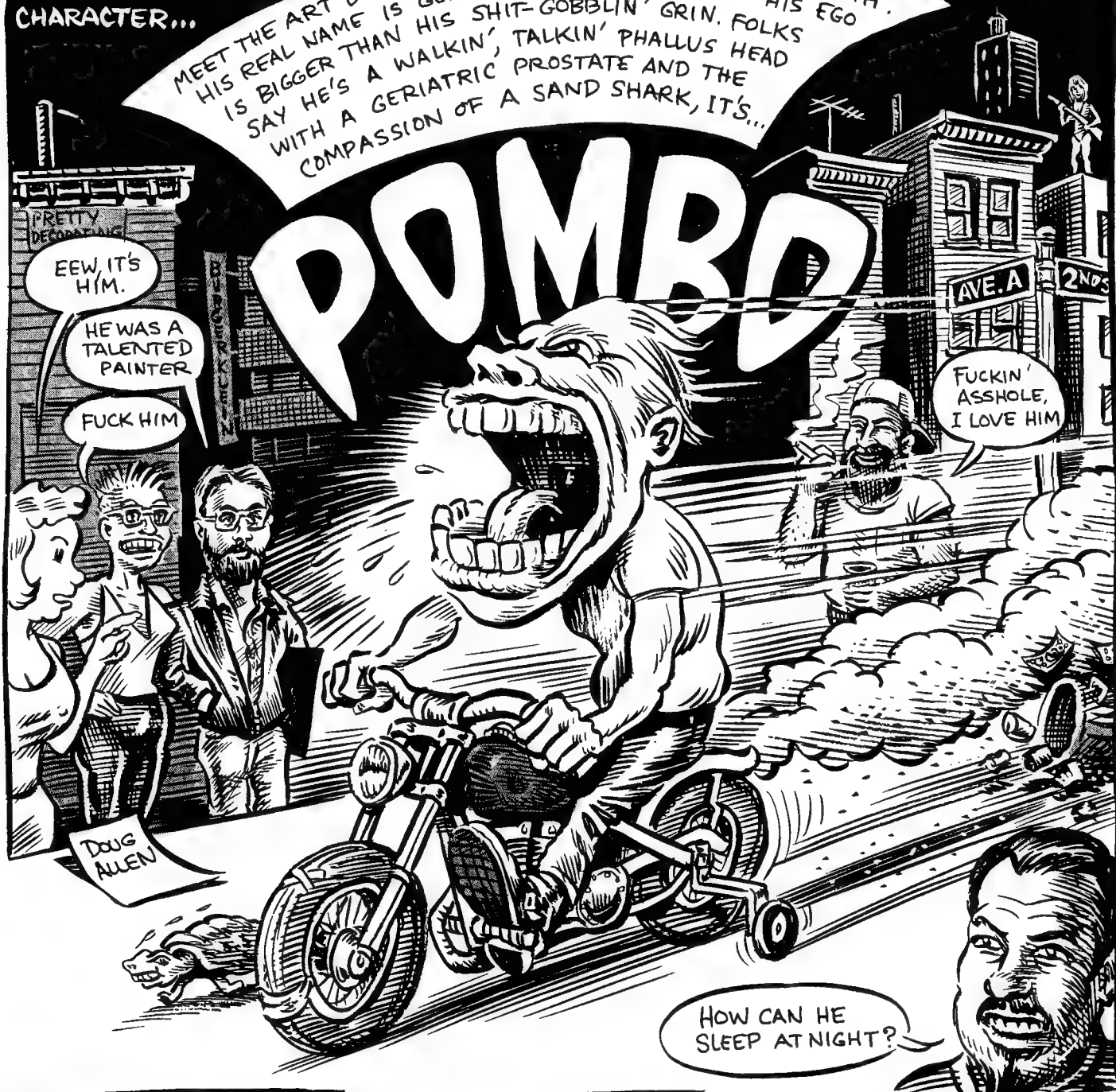
Q **With the guy who's burned the upside-down cross into his forehead?**

A Yeah! They deal, as so many of the bands do, with different subjects. Decide deals with the satanic, we deal with sheer horror. There's something for everybody. Anathema from England. Little known but really original. We dig them a lot. Just dip in.

THE END

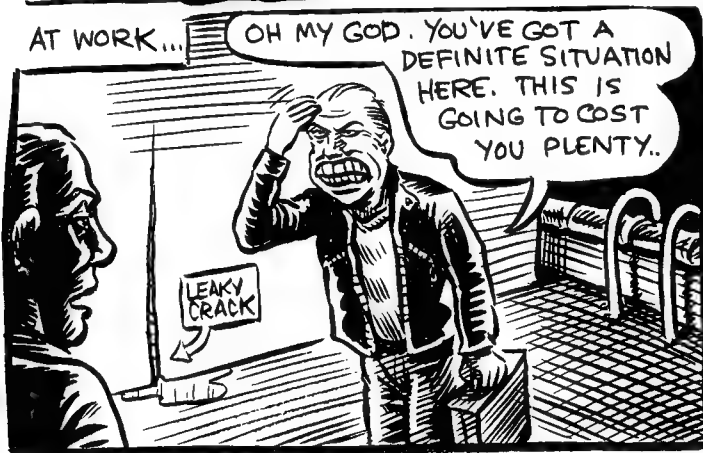
RATHER THAN SHROUD SATIRE IN CLEVER LITERARY ALLUSION, OR ATTEMPT TO SPIN A FABLE OF SUBTLE DECEPTION, I'LL SIMPLY SPEW THE HATEFUL (BUT LAME) BILE THAT WILL SURELY SEVER ANY SEMBLANCE OF FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FOLLOWING FICTITIOUS CHARACTER...

MEET THE ART DIRECTOR OF "BRUTARIAN," AKA "MR. WARTH." HIS REAL NAME IS GERARD PUDDLESWORTH, AND HIS EGO IS BIGGER THAN HIS SHIT-GOBLIN' GRIN. FOLKS SAY HE'S A WALKIN', TALKIN' PHALLUS HEAD WITH A GERIATRIC PROSTATE AND THE COMPASSION OF A SAND SHARK, IT'S...





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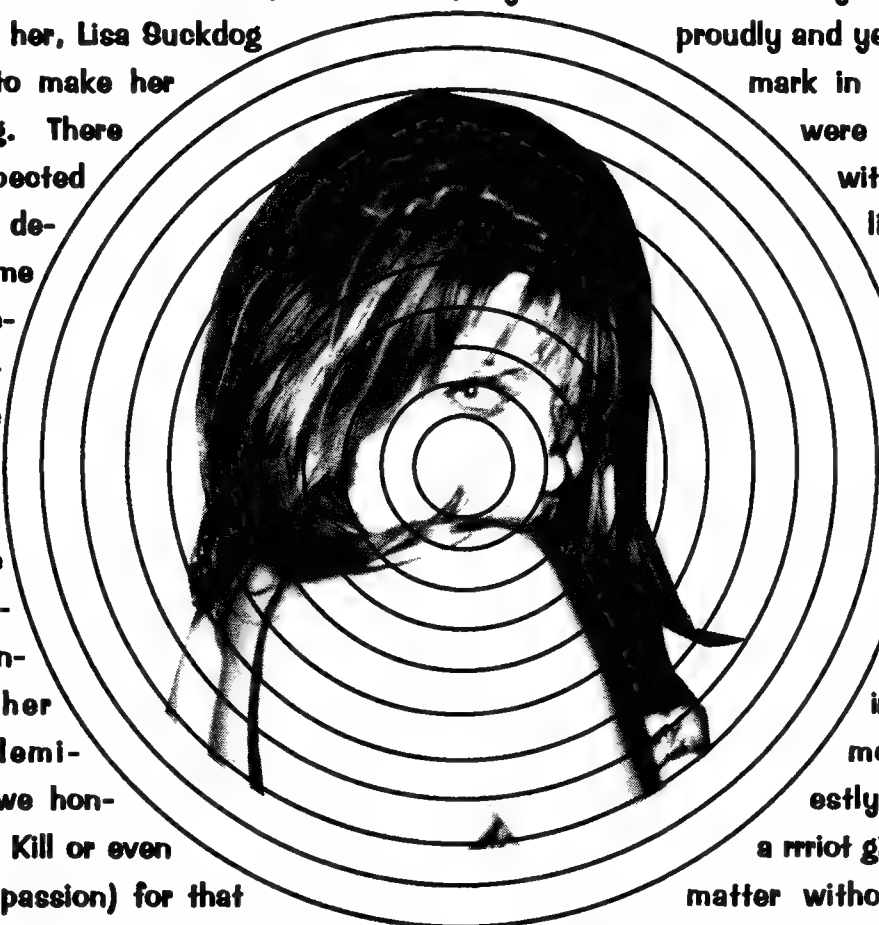




attack of the ATTACCABOTTONIS



If stories are true, Lisa Suckdog nee Carver initially oozed her way into the consciousness of underground culture devotees by proclaiming that she was: (a) GG Allin's girlfriend; (b) a female rock musician patterned after GG; or (c) GG's mentor and proctologist. Most sleaze mavens could have cared less, but when the luscious Ms. Suckdog began performing in the nude at hip rock clubs, a lot of guys began to take a look. And when she began to pick fights with them a lot of girls began to look as well. Suddenly little Lisa found a new calling as a satirical writer and journalist. And so like H.L. Mencken, Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis and many other illustrious men and women before her, Lisa Suckdog proudly and yes, somewhat audaciously, set out to make her mark in the world of independent publishing. There were difficulties at first. This was to be expected with a literary magazine sporting the somewhat misleading name of *Rollerderby*. And with one devotee but a single issue voted solely to the personal history of individual--Ms. Suckdog. But Lisa was undaunted just a few short years in the business, Ms. Suckdog's circulation number stands at an astonishing four thousand. And her influence on the rock and literary demimonde has been enormous. Can we honestly say there would have been a Bikini Kill or even a riot girl movement (which Lisa hates with a passion) for that matter without Ms. Suckdog's trailblazing? Or that such radical publishing ventures as *Panty Line Fever* or *Fuck* would have been possible had Lisa not showed them the way? Yes, today's hip readers are perusing the pages of *Rollerderby* with the same avid enthusiasm cognoscentis once brought to *Blast* or *Evergreen*. Whether or not this says something about the decline in taste in the bohemian community is a moot point. This interview, between Dame Darcy, a frequent contributor to the zine, and Lisa Suckdog may help to dispel any doubts on that score as it perfectly captures the tone, style and substance of an underground phenomenon which has absolutely nothing to do with . . . **ROLLERDERBY!**



a lisa suckdog = dame darcy exchange

DARCY: The first thing I wanted to do is ask you if we should pretend we didn't talk to each other before so we can repeat our witty little quips.

LISA: Sure we can even admit we had our witty little quips and now we're doing them again for the benefit of our fans. I don't remember my witty little quips. I don't remember yours either.

DARCY: Oh you were just so jaunty and charming the other night.

LISA: I just remember chuckling up a storm but I don't know what about. Suffice to say, you were really funny but I don't know how.

DARCY: I don't either. That always happens. Well, the point of this whole thing is **I don't know how to conduct interviews** seeing as I've never done one before except with that one scientific guy who gave me all the drugs when he was hiding out in the woods because of some conspiracy theory about hit men.

LISA: Is that supposed to be the charm, that you never interviewed anyone before?

DARCY: No, no. So I was going to ask you what you wanted me to ask you.

LISA: Well what kind of audience is it? What are these Brutarian readers?

DARCY: I don't know . . . I don't know . . . it's kinda wacky, and intellectual in a kind of gross and intellectual way.

LISA: **Ask me about my intellect then.**

DARCY: Ok, so Lisa! **What about your intellect?**

LISA: Well, you know, I always like to add things up.

DARCY: Oh yes, yes, this is something that I've seen you do often. That must be really intellectual of you.

LISA: I always have a pen and a piece of paper with little figures on it. **I find myself to be really smart.**

DARCY: **You are so smart.** Do you do things like, like if you're in the bank and its got a checkered floor do you start counting all the black squares while you're waiting?

LISA: I don't count them but I make everything even in my mind. If there's a black square I make it even with a white square and sometimes I have to rearrange the bank a little in my mind. This is a real problem. It always occu-

pies me and always has and I've never met anyone who also has this problem. I thought for sure you would.

DARCY: Well, I always count things in blocks of three.

LISA: **Three is my favorite number** but I do every thing in twos. But everything happens in threes.

DARCY: Everything really does happen in threes.

LISA: So that just proves how intellectual I am.

DARCY: So Lisa, when was your first birthday memory?

LISA: Oh, I think I was two and my father went hog wild and bought me about 100 dollars worth of stuff which is a lot in 1979. He got me tons and tons and tons of stuff. The actual toy that I really loved, the only toy I really loved was this clown punching balloon. It was taller than me and I would beat it up every single day and I loved it. I pounded that clowns' face. My parents were astounded at my brutality. They still talk about it. I actually remember the joy. In fact right now **I'm getting the huge desire to go buy some huge clown to punch out.**

DARCY: I've seen those clowns in stores but they only come up to maybe my waist. The thrill just isn't there.

LISA: **Once we're really rich and famous we can commission a huge ten foot tall clown to be made.**

DARCY: You know what else I want?

LISA: What?

DARCY: A HIPPIITY HOP!

LISA: Oh Yes!

DARCY: Oh my God, **I want a big hippity hop.**

LISA: When we have money we can do anything we want.

DARCY: **We can have races on our hippity hops.** We can drop them into the pool and float around on them. Wouldn't it be fun? I can't wait till I'm rich. That's the first thing I'm gonna do.

LISA: You know some rich people don't know what to do with their money, **like** my grandparents, they do boring things **like** buy stocks and bonds. But some people really deserve to be rich **like**, there's this French singer

called Serge Gainsbourg, don't ask me how to spell it, he's this really dirty singer, he sings in French but it's all these disgusting dirty, funny songs. He did a dirty version of the French national anthem; they sued him or told him he couldn't do it and so he bought the rights to the song for eight thousand dollars. Then he rereleased it and they had to let him do it.

DARCY: Wow! How eccentric of him. So the proof's in the pudding; **money actually can buy you happiness.** But then again, I never thought this wasn't true.

LISA: That's not exactly what I'd like to do if I had eight thousand dollars to burn but the point is he could do whatever he wanted and he did something funny instead of buying matching yachts. **If I had a million I'd buy the exact kind of tenement housing I live in now and just go do stupid stuff with my money.**

DARCY: Oh yes! That's what I was thinking. I wanted to live in a trailer home. I told you this. With my Mormon friend.

LISA: So what else is in this *Brutarian* magazine?

DARCY: Well . . . I looked at a couple of the issues and I sorta just skimmed through. There's a lot of funny cartoons, weird cartoon people had drawn all these weird cartoon heads, you know? **You know how boys are. They draw all those boy cartoons that are LIKE . . . gross?**

LISA: Yes. Yes I do.

DARCY: There are a lot of those in there.

LISA: You know what? You know that comics special thing I was supposed to do? I got fifty proposals and they were all unacceptable. **Comics are dumb.**

DARCY: Isn't it terrible. It's so sad the comics . . . today.

LISA: I thought this joke was bad enough when I saw it in 1989 when they were doing it back then but they're *still* doing the same joke and it's just pitiful.

DARCY: I know. You know . . . I don't like to discuss comics, it makes me really upset. Cause everybody always talks about comics around me all the time bla bla bla comic this, comics that, and I never read comics. I don't know anything about them at all . . . **I don't know what they expect me to voice my opin-**

ions and I have a lot of opinions about so many things but comics isn't really one of them except for the fact that . . .

LISA: It's so hard to have any opinion at all except for this all encompassing one . . . *They're dumb!*

DARCY: Today I was down in the financial district of New York looking for a husband and you know what? There was *nobody, nobody!* It's the financial district, there has to be somebody right? Nobody . . .

LISA: Well what was wrong with everybody? Were they too ugly or too boring?

DARCY: I was *towering* above everybody. I felt like Norse shera [sic] god or something . . . like blonder and two feet taller than everybody. I'm only five nine . . . I'm not *gigantica*. I don't understand this.

LISA: **Sometimes those really short men would like to have a tall blonde wife . . .** it makes them feel . . .

DARCY: But eeeeeew Lisa! Ewwwww! I want rock-jawed and stoic and . . .

LISA: Eeeeeew do you want slinty eyed?

DARCY: Squinty eyed?

LISA: Not squinty eyed . . . slinty. Like they have two chips of rock in their eye and they . . .

DARCY: Oh flinty!

LISA: Did you say flinty? I thought it was slinty.

DARCY: Sklinty?

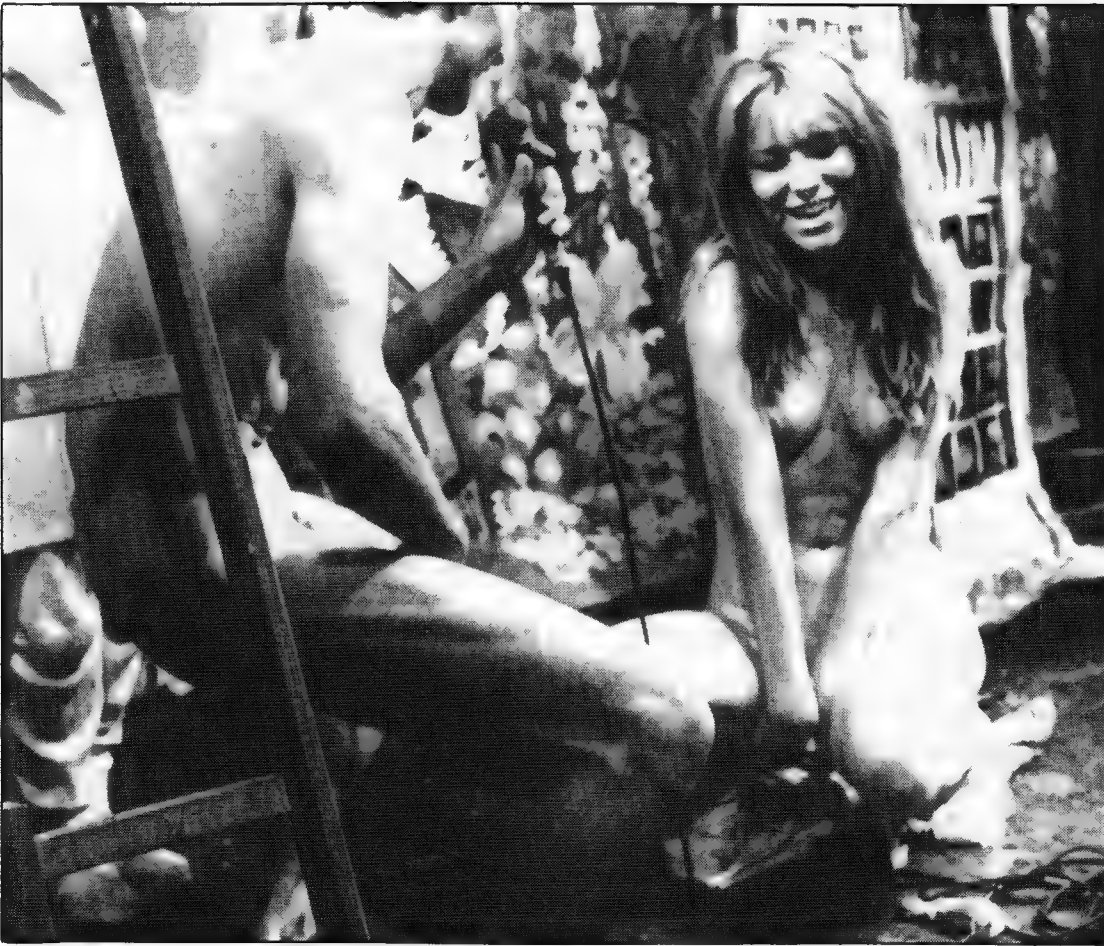
LISA: No S-L-I-N-T-Y.

DARCY: For a second I thought you said glinty. Glinty eyed.

LISA: I like all three.

DARCY: Slinty, flinty, squinty and glinty: it sounds like some new kind of dwarfs. All the new dwarfs.

LISA: I said slinty to someone last night and they thought I said slitty eyed and that it was a racial slur. So what's the deal . . . you think that tall men are so satisfied with their position that they don't have to go to law school and become businessmen?



Lisa chats with Mr. Costes, a Rollerderby collaborator and avid hopper, about the incredible tingling sensation she gets while riding her Hippity Hop TOTALLY NAKED!

DARCY: So they go work at the dock . . . I don't know.

LISA: You'd think that since they're so tall they wouldn't want to work at the dock because it's farther for them to lean over for them to pick up the crates. Short men don't have very far to go.

DARCY: I just don't know Lisa, I don't know. But it was so sad.

LISA: Is that your whole story?

DARCY: Well, kind of.

LISA: That's not very intellectual at all. *Brutarian* boys aren't going to care. But the word does have Brut in it.

DARCY: And my story was kind of primal and stupid. I wonder how they came up with that title. Maybe they hang out in the financial district a lot. I'll send you a copy and you can tell me what you think.

LISA: Please don't.

DARCY: LISA!

LISA: I'm getting more and more mail and it's more and more dumb. So **I don't need to see Brutarian.**

DARCY: What's another one of your earliest childhood memories?

LISA: Being thrown up in a blanket, my mother and father both holding each end and catching me. I squealed with delight. And then I remember one of the first and only spankings I got cause I did something bad to the cat. My father told me he was going to give me a spanking so I asked him if I could do something first and he said yes so I ran into the bedroom and got ten pairs of underwear on. He acted like he didn't know.

DARCY: When I was young my mother instilled the changing of underwear as a very important thing. So **I'd always remember to change my underwear** but I'd forget to take the old pair off and I'd end up with four pairs on. One time I went to kindergarten one of the pairs slipped off and landed under the table.

My teacher was holding it up in front of the whole class going "who's underwear is this?" and I *did not* claim it. But let me ask you about our last Suckdog tour.

LISA: It was another Suckdog tour that's all. I try to forget all of them because they're pretty painful to remember. Seemed like something that had to be done and now that it's over I'm thankful.

DARCY: Was there anything good about it?

LISA: I liked Kentucky . . . Are you going to print everything we say in this interview?

DARCY: I don't know, I'll see.

LISA: You should print those mean things about *Brutarian* because people get excited when you mention their name in an interview and even if it's mean they'll think, "Ah! We've gotten to them . . ."

DARCY: Do you think anybody hates you?

LISA: No. You know that's my great sorrow. I don't know *why* they don't hate me. **People say they like me.** I'm thinking my personality must not be incredibly strong if everybody either likes me or . . . well the ones that like me think that I'm . . . I'm . . . this is a terrible word. Ready? I never thought I'd say this to anyone but I will . . .

DARCY: What? What?

LISA: They say I'm a . . . peacenik.

DARCY: A beatnik?

LISA: A peacenik.

DARCY: What's that?

LISA: A really disgusting liberal. Can you believe that?

DARCY: No.

LISA: **I'm deeply embarrassed.**

DARCY: That's really modern of them to think.

LISA: So now not only am I not hated but I have a bad reputation. Life's rough.

DARCY: It is. **I wonder why a hundred people hate me?** What do I do to inspire this reaction? I'm sweet and nice.

LISA: I don't know why I don't inspire it.

DARCY: You're sweet and nice too but sometimes . . . during the shows when you drink whisky, you get the devil in ya. And the devil is not renowned for being sweet or nice. But actually, you know what?

LISA: He is.

DARCY: Mmmmmm hmmmmm . . .

LISA: I bet he's the sweetest thing on earth. Like Anais Nin's father. He had sex with her. She liked it. She climbed on top of him while he was in his hospital bed.

DARCY: You read this? You are so studious.

LISA: **I'm very intellectual. I read books.** *Brutarian* should like that.

DARCY: **I haven't read any books lately, just looked at pictures in books.**

LISA: You should print that. Nobody admits that . . . This interview was obnoxious. You bring it out in me.

DARCY: Like salt on a snail . . . You know everybody says we're obnoxious.

LISA: Why?

DARCY: Well maybe because people pay us to get drunk and jump on them and scream in their ear and try to beat them up. But they asked for it.

LISA: Hmmm . . .

DARCY: That cartoonist guy, KAZ came to my book signing and said that you let out a piercing scream at one of your shows and permanently damaged his ear.

LISA: That's good for him. He won't be distracted from his art by noise and he won't be distracted by those annoying car horns when he's crossing the street at night. And then there'll be one less cartoonist.

DARCY: LISA!

LISA: **I don't care if cartoonists hate me** cause what are they gonna do? Not talk to me?

DARCY: And if they don't write to you then God bless 'em.

LISA: In fact I'd be happy if the non-cartoonists didn't either. **Especially the Brutarian ones!**

SHERLOCK HOLMES

and **DOCTOR WATSON**

TEAM UP

"VIVID AND
BREATHTAKING."
-THE NEW
YORK TIMES

A
VERY
WISE MAN
SAYS:

HOW CAN YOU
BE SURE THAT
IT DIDN'T
HAPPEN?!!



**WITH A DALMATIAN
AND A CAVEMAN...**

P. Reeves

FOR SUSPENSE!!

OUR STORY BEGINS
IN CANADA

CANADA... THE LAND
OCCUPYING THE NORTHERN
PART OF THE CONTINENT
KNOWN AS NORTH AMERICA!
A PROUD AND INDUSTRIOUS NATION
MAINTAINING CLOSE TIES
WITH THE UNITED STATES
WHILE PLEDGING UNDYING
LOYALTY TO ITS MEMBER-
SHIP IN THE ROYAL COMMON-
WEALTH OF NATIONS AND HER
MAJESTY THE QUEEN

UG IK

WE'RE GOING
TO BELGIUM
TOMORROW,
HOLMES

BELGIUM, NESTLED BETWEEN
FRANCE AND...

HOLMES LOOK!
A DINOSAUR

ROARRR

THE CAVEMAN HAS TUMBLED
OFF THE CLIFF WITH THE DINOSAUR
IN HIS DEATH-GRIP, HOLMES!

ROARRR

ARRGHH

NOBLE CAVEMAN...
HE GAVE HIS LIFE
SO THAT OTHERS
MIGHT LIVE

POOR DEVIL,
I NEVER KNEW
HIS NAME.
ALL HE EVER
SAID WAS
'UG IK'

LOOK HOLMES!
A PTERADACTYL
HAS CARRIED OFF
THE DALMATIAN!

NOBLE
DALMATIAN...
SMALL DOG WITH
SPOTS ON IT...
BEING CARRIED
AWAY AND
STRUGGLING
WILDLY

UH, YES

CELLULOID VOID!



Warren Oates: Across the Border

(d) Tom Thurmond (1992)

If I were called upon to justify why I spent so much of my early life in front of a television screen, I would not be at a loss for an answer. I longed to see more of Warren Oates. From his infrequent appearances on *Bonanza* as the inarticulate rube living upstream from the Cartwrights to his rare lead roles in two astounding episodes of Boris Karloff's *Thriller*, the early television work of Oates exhibited all the qualities that would later distinguish him as the greatest character actor to ever set foot in what Nathaniel West aptly termed the "great American dream dump"—Hollywood, California. Oates could flash a sadistic smile or cast a glance which carried such disdain it made every role he played memorable and any film he appeared in (no matter how mediocre) instantly redeemable. Throughout his film career, Oates inevitably seemed to play men caught in a downward spiral—shiftless losers, small-time con men, or petty thieves. The common thread running through all of these characters is remorse, the pinprick which comes from the knowledge that one's dreams or ambitions will never be realized. Oates played these tortured and sometimes doomed men with such conviction and such depth that film scholar David Thomson wrote, "You could smell whisky and sweat on him along with a mixture of bad beds and fallen women." Thomson, along with other notable associates and admirers of Oates such as Harry Dean Stanton, Monte Hellman, Peter Fonda, and Thomas McGuane (who directed Oates in the much under-rated *Ninety-Two in the Shade*) all pay tribute to Warren and fill this hour-long documentary with personal anecdotes and fascinating insights. In conventional chronological fashion, the film traces his childhood in Kentucky to his final days and on through his bizarre funeral (in which the preacher never showed). A good deal of attention is deservedly given to Oates' numerous collaborations with directors Monte Hellman and Sam Peckinpah. There are generous selections from the films (with only a few conspicuous absences) and a great story about Oates' political views from narrator Ned Beatty.

Unfortunately, this fascinating film biography has rarely been screened. Since its debut in 1992, it has only played a few film festivals, a couple of Oates' retrospectives at major city art houses, and (to my knowledge) on only a few public television stations. Sadder still, it is as yet, unavailable on video.

— Rex Doane





The Chase

(d) Arthur Ripley (1946)

Dark, dark, we go into the dark in this obscure Forties film noir and when we're done we're not sure we've come out. Robert Cummings is our nominal protagonist, a down-on-his-luck ex-soldier who has the misfortune to find a wallet belonging to a big time gangster (played with menacing savoir faire by Steve Cochran). Cochran is impressed with Cummings' honesty and offers him a job as his chauffeur over second banana (but second to no one in psychosis), Peter Lorre. Cummings soon finds himself in love with Cochran's semi-attractive tortured wife (Michelle Morgan) and together they plot to run away to Havana.

This turns out not to be such a great career move for Cummings because no sooner does he hit Havana than Morgan herself is hit, knifed to death, and Cummings is arrested for her murder. Our expatriate chauffeur manages to escape from the clutches of the extremely skeptical Cuban police, only to discover that Cochran and Lorre have framed him so perfectly death is the only way out.

Then Cummings wakes up. He has no idea where he is or why he's wearing a uniform. He goes to his former commanding officer, a captain who also happens to be a psychiatrist. The CO takes him to a swank club for a drink. It will calm Cummings down, he says. In the club, Cummings sees Cochran and it all comes back to him: Morgan, the flight to Cuba, the boat tickets he purchased. Cummings goes back to Cochran's mansion, flees with Morgan and gets on the boat. Lorre and Cochran pursue in a limousine but both are killed when they try to beat a train to a crossing. Cummings and Morgan end in a clinch in front of a Havana nightclub. The same clinch in front of the same nightclub in the same cab with the same driver as in Cummings' dream.

It reads like a dream too, doesn't it? And we're left with the feeling Cummings hasn't really awakened. Or maybe that he's living a nightmare from which he can't escape. Director Ripley and his screenwriters don't give us a chance to get a grip. Plot complications come out of left field. When did Cummings buy the knife used to kill Morgan? How long has Cummings been suffering from anxiety neurosis? Just when did our lovers find enough time to fall in love? Things happen for no apparent reason and total strangers act, well, incomprehensibly strange (a hansom driver suddenly refuses to communicate when Morgan and Cummings ask him to take them back to the ship, and a Cuban police detective bursts into a woman's room and she does not even look up, but continues to sob hysterically with her face in a vat of washing). And the characters with whom we are familiar act just as oddly. Cochran, a suave psychopath, likes to backhand women, feed recalcitrant business associates to his dog, and terrify his chauffeurs by pushing the speed-



Robert Cummings in *The Chase*

ometer well past the century limit with a gas pedal hidden in the back seat's floorboard. Lorre doesn't say or move very much but when he does, it's all very stylized, very eerie, as if he's deliberated every move, calculated every syllable. Even the way he holds his cigarette—between the thumb and forefinger with the palm up—gives you the creeps. Cummings comports himself like he's on thorazine, and his lover, Morgan, appears to have recently awakened from a long sleep. If this is love, we don't want any part of it.

Adding to the strange hallucinatory power of the film is the morbidly expressionistic cinematography of Franz Planner. Planner was schooled in the silent German cinema and it shows. Almost every scene is imbued with a fantastic, almost surreal fatalism. Deep shadows and sharp contrasts abound. Even the outdoor sequences which, of course, were shot indoors using rear screen projection, have a sickly pallor. Is the ocean really this gray or are we being cleverly manipulated so as to see it drained of its magnificence, its vitality?

The Chase has been criticized in some quarters for not adhering closely to the source material on which it was based: Cornel Woolrich's *The Black Path Of Fear*. Perhaps this accounts for the film's relative obscurity today. Perhaps not. Books are books and movies are movies. As a movie, *The Chase* is one strange and disturbing trip to nowhere. That makes it aces in my book.

— Dom Salemi



Frank Lovejoy & Lee Marvin in *Shack Out on 101*



Shack Out on 101

(d) Edward Dein (1955)

Here's something dumber than dirt: a 50's Red Scare flick with little grounding in either psychology, American mores or reality of any kind. But it starts off with a literal bang—Lee Marvin sexually assaulting pint-sized pixie Terry 'Ms. Howard Hughes' Moore on the California sands—and never really lets up, mostly because Marvin is allowed to run amok as Slob, a communist spy posing as a short-order cook at a two-bit eatery near a missile plant. When he's not insulting waitress Moore or threatening to put indigestible ingredients in the burgers, Marvin is passing secrets to another operative who is pretending to be a swarthy fisherman of indeterminate Mediterranean origin. (What secrets? The recipe for the world's greatest deep dish cherry pie? Could be, since that's what the smart-alecky-truck-driving-duo-who-are-in-reality-G-Men always order.)

The whole shebang takes place inside a nautical minimalist diner owned by Keenan Wynn. In such close confines there isn't much room for movement, so most of the "action" is restricted to lame banter between Wynn and his customers, which normally would get excruciatingly boring but the screenwriters allow very few exchanges to end amicably. Someone always seems to be taking exception to something or threatening to kick a face in, except when they're busy listening to a heated argument between Wynn and Marvin. An argument like the following:

*"I've got a good mind to drop these dishes.
The tomato's still out on the beach and I'm
picking up dishes. That's her job."*

"You've got a good mind?"

Wow! Some fireworks, huh? But they're nothing compared to the pyrotechnics lit by the Professor (the supernaturally wooden Frank Lovejoy) and Moore:

"Say, you're really serious about taking this civil service exam, aren't you?"

"Oh, Frank! I want you to be proud of me. I don't want to be a waitress all of my life. Someday you'll come to see me working and I'll be inside a bright, shiny government office building."

"That's right [kissing her neck repeatedly while Moore swoons]. Now what are the first ten amendments to the Constitution called?"

But the professor isn't the mild-mannered scholar he pretends to be. Like the Acme truck drivers, he's also a G-Man biding his time until he can get the drop on Marvin, which takes a while because Marvin is very clever, what with hiding microfilm in such ingenious places as wardrobe trunks and pickle barrels. He's also something even more heinous than a Communist spy. "What could that possibly be?" you ask. C'mon, think about it. What was the only thing more horrible for an American in the Fifties than a Red? That's right, you guessed it, a pinko pansy (killer fag to McCarthyites). You might not pick up on this after viewing Marvin's vicious attack on Moore at the opening of the film or while listening to him constantly threaten her, but you'll have little doubt as to Lee's sexual propensities after watching him lift weights with Wynn in a scene which is almost indescribably ludicrous. Wearing what look to be turn of the century bathing outfits, Wynn and Marvin don't so much press barbells as press each other for compliments, unable to refrain from sarcastically but admiringly comparing the development of various parts of their physiognomies. "Go ahead, feel that leg," Wynn coquettishly asks Marvin near the end of their session. Marvin doesn't have time to answer before Moore interrupts the two, but does he have to? Straight men don't talk to each other like this. Not in the Fifties. Not if they don't want to get punched in the mouth. At least Whit Bissell understands. "Girls don't go for guys like us," he informs Wynn later in the picture after Keenan has been moaning about his inability to get to first base with Moore. "You and I are sportsmen." Care to hazard a guess as to what kind of "sport" Whit's talking about?

This is priceless stuff. You and I could sit around brainstorming for days and not come up with dialogue or scenes this wrongheaded. Priceless, too, is the way we're supposed to fall for the pert and sassy Moore's interest in the stone-faced and stultifyingly boring Lovejoy who's fifteen years older than her but looks at least twice that. Or why anyone would want to come to a diner where everyone thinks they're a comedian but no one is the least bit funny. Or the least bit sane. But trust me, take a ride out to *The Shack Out On 101*. Sit down. Have a drink or two. Give the place a chance. You'll end up having a helluva good time.

— Dom Salemi



The Maze

(d) William Cameron Menzies (1953)

What's the most difficult element to sustain in a horror film? Suspense. In fact, most directors/screenwriters don't even try. A homicidal being surfaces in the first reel, spends an hour or so terrorizing a group, and is killed off (until the sequel) a few minutes before the ending. Virtually no build-up to a big payoff. In the worst instances, it's pure slaughter-by-numbers.

Jacques Tournier's *Curse Of The Demon* (1956) is a horror-suspense masterpiece just beginning to gain recognition as such after decades of obscurity. William Cameron Menzies' *The Maze* also is deserving of such accolades.

Besides featuring highly regarded directors, there are a number of similarities between *The Maze* and *Curse*. In each, the story takes place in the U.K., the lead actor gives a strong performance, and the "monster" is unseen until the final minutes. Both also contain pointless gimmicks designed to lure kids into theaters. *The Maze* was shot in 3-D, completely out of place in such a mature story line. In *Curse*, the gimmick was the demon itself. Initially left to the imagination, Columbia tacked a visible behemoth on to the original ending in order to have a beast to exploit in ads. Tournier was rightfully incensed.

Richard Carlson is very convincing as Gerald Mac-Team, upbeat fiance of Kitty Murray (Veronica Hurst), who inexplicably cuts off communication with his intended after being summoned to his ancestral home in Scotland. Weeks pass without a single note. (Craven Castle has no phone.) Finally, chaperone/aunt Edith Murray (Katherine Emery) receives a letter from Gerald releasing Kitty from their marital engagement.

Kitty convinces Edith they must go to the castle and confront Gerald. But upon their arrival, the women are shocked by the man's appearance and behavior; he looks twenty years older and acts distant and nervous. Insisting they leave first thing in the morning, Gerald refuses to discuss matters with the Murrays, instead banishing them to guest bedrooms where they are locked in for the night. Something is extremely wrong . . . and Kitty is determined to discover what has caused the sudden drastic change in her lover.

Craven Castle drips with atmosphere due largely to Menzies' genius for production design. There's fog, bricked-up windows, mysterious stairways, odd shuffling sounds, eerie shadows, bizarre footprints, stoic menses-rants—all ingredients which may have been cliché in less competent hands.

Menzies takes a fairly simple premise and wrings every drop of suspense out of it. Because it's a horror film, we know there is some sort of bogeyman lurking about, but thanks to keen directorial techniques, we can't be sure it



The Maze

isn't a transformed Gerald until the sixty-five minute mark. Also rare for the genre is a denouement creating genuine sympathy for the creature, a well-meaning, highly intelligent person living a sad life trapped in a grotesque body.

The Maze was half of an impressive 1953 "double feature" from Menzies; he directed the original *Invaders From Mars* that same year. His *Things To Come* (1936) is another classic from a visionary who began his career in the silent era with such blockbusters as *The Thief Of Bagdad* (1924). If you're unfamiliar with his work, *The Maze* is an excellent place to start.

— Ernie Santilli

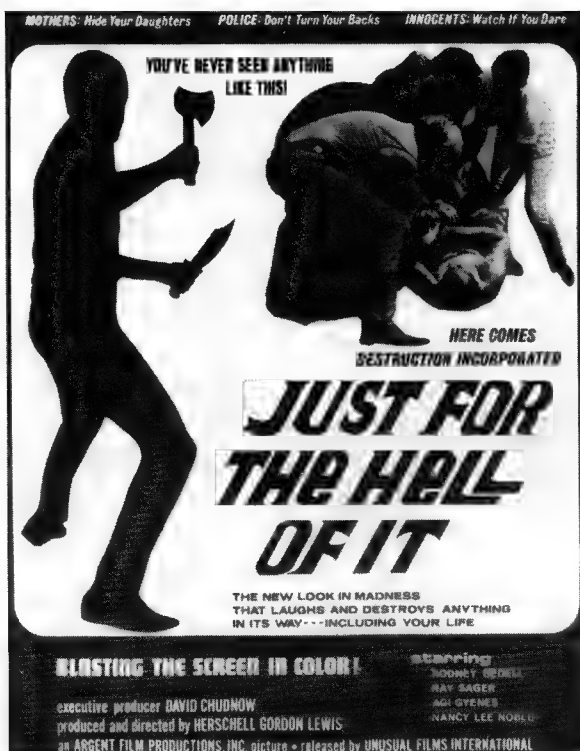


This Is Not A Test

(d) Frederic Gadette (1961)

A cheap but effectively creepy piece of sci-fi noir, *This Is Not A Test* strands a small group of people on a west coast mountain road and asks us to wait with them for the end of the world. They're waiting because they have little choice. There's nowhere to run really and besides, they've been stopped at a roadblock and ordered out of their cars by a tyrannical and frighteningly dimwitted policeman who has chosen to follow the orders barked out of his radio right up until the final, bright flash. Which is due to take place in about eighty minutes or so. Which is just about the running time of the film.

Gadette's little co-written drama plays like a cheesy reworking of O'Neill's *Iceman Cometh* with the cretinous cop as the living symbol and reminder of the harsh and brutal reality of existence. As you might guess, the screenwriters are not O'Neill or even Odets'; the plot is rather simple and the characters are even more so. The hipster, the bullying husband, the virginal Madonna, the



Just For The Hell Of It

H. G. Lewis (1968)

There's trash and then there's *trash*. If you don't know the difference, you really shouldn't be reading a critique of an H. G. Lewis film. For those who do know and believe, as I do, Mr. Lewis to be one of the true idiot savants of the cinema, read on. *Just For The Hell Of It* is poorly conceived, ludicrously executed, atrociously acted, morally bankrupt and intellectually impoverished. In other words, this woebegone monstrosity is damn near irresistible. Especially when it has so little going for it aside from crass ineptitude and sheer stupidity. Shot by the same crew at the same time he was filming the equally loathsome but undeniably entertaining *She-Devils On Wheels*, Lewis would later express surprise that this teenage gang film didn't become a cult favorite. Perhaps if the picture had possessed some semblance of a story line, it might have. Still, the absence of important elements like these from his movies has never seemed to bother the imperturbable Lewis. I think it's this kind of dogged persistence, this refusal to acknowledge the vacuity at the heart of the undertaking, which gives Lewis' films their indomitable air, their jaunty brazenness, their delightful disdain.

Hell opens with a pot party and quickly degenerates into sheer mayhem. Eschewing dialogue, Lewis allows his actors to wander about for what seems like an eternity bumping into one another, stomping on things and muttering to themselves. Somehow (I was never sure, perhaps it was the press book I read), we discover this group of depravos to be the most notorious pack of misfits in town. The gang calls itself Destruction Inc. and as the groovy, ersatz 60's peacenik soundtrack informs us, "they're a bunch of hairy apes with nowhere to go but down." Which kind of surprised me because the girls in this bunch didn't appear to be all that hirsute.

After this lengthy, absurdist introduction, the film becomes little more than a series of tableaux, illustrating the depravity of these feral misfits. Now in most director's hands, this could have resulted in unbelievable tedium—scene after scene of mindless violence or tough talk. But, as I have already mentioned, H. G. Lewis is not most directors. He is either less intelligent or markedly more intelligent than your average, run-of-the-mill auteur. It's kind of hard to tell; but I don't think it matters. When you're toiling at either end of the intelligence scale, you're working on instinct anyway.

So we don't get tedium. We rarely do with Lewis. We get entertained. How? Well, for one thing, we're not saddled with plot or character or theme. Stuff like that usually clutters up a film anyway. Secondly, we're not asked or expected to think; Lewis wants us only to keep our eyes wide open. This makes it much easier to more fully experience the scenes of cartoon-like violence and kindergarten-level character interaction. Most cineastes would

kindly grandfather, the everyman truck driver; their speech is riddled with cliché, their movements clumsy and slightly unreal. But they're interesting, compelling and, at times, fascinating. There's always something fascinating about watching simple people coming apart at the seams.

And somehow, after awhile, after the seconds have become minutes and the minutes an hour, the coterie quiets down and things become almost unbearably poignant. And it feels right; it feels the way you would probably have drawn it. Especially with people like this. People going nowhere, never having done anything important, heroic or meaningful; who know it and now, as life begins to run out, try to win back some small measure of respect for themselves by going out with quiet dignity.

Most of them anyway. There's a psychopath running around in the adjoining woods who just doesn't get it, and a beautiful alcoholic getting edgier and edgier as she attempts to come to grips with the reality that the van which is to serve as a bomb shelter is probably not going to help her any; and the cop slowly losing his mind over the responsibility he's chosen to accept.

The minimalist set which appears to be little more than a darkened sound stage adorned with a few trees and a boulder here and there serves as an effective backdrop for the chiliastic scenario. Effective, too, is the meager lighting cunningly employed to exaggerate the pale, harried faces of the actors. Ghosts, dead bodies inhabited by spirits believing themselves still alive. As it should be with those waiting, somewhat anxiously, to die.

— Dom Salemi

object to such a simplistic approach. They would say, "Dominick, how could you possibly enjoy yourself when confronted with a work of art operating on such a childishly minimalist level?" My response (as should be yours): "How is Lewis' strategy any different from that employed in a Robert Bresson film?" Oh, that's right, I forgot. Bresson is French and Lewis is a Jewish American. Excuse me!

Back to the movie. You want to know what happens don't you? Well nothing "happens" really. Not in the sense of actions having consequences, or furthering the narrative, or defining character or . . . Lewis simply allows Destruction Inc. to gravitate from wrecking furniture and smoking dope to swiping blind men's canes, tearing up magazines in a doctor's waiting room, stuffing babies in garbage cans, etc.

Tearing up magazines? Stuffing babies in garbage cans? Sounds like a parody of a gang film doesn't it? Yes and no. This is one of the things which makes Lewis' oeuvre unique: its weird mix of comedy and repulsive horror. In *Hell* the satire is consistently undercut and interrupted by clumsy, often grisly violence. And the fact that the violence is poorly choreographed does little to lessen its impact. You want to keep laughing but you can't. There's simply nothing inherently funny in rape and mutilation.

What's Lewis going for here? He told Joe Bob Briggs it was the cinematic depiction of rage. I disagree. This, as with almost everything of Lewis' I've seen, feels more like contempt. Contempt for his audience and the medium in which he's working. Throw everything into the pot and get it done as quickly as possible. Just throw it in. Don't worry about craft, plausibility, tone, narrative coherency or whether there's a point. It will all work itself out in the final analysis. In the end, you ask, as Joe Bob essentially did: Why bother? Why work in a field you quite obviously disdain? And the answer is, of course: just for the hell of it. You've got to admire that.

— Dom Salemi



Olga's Girls

(d) Joseph A. Mawra (1964)

1964-1970 were the golden years for the roughies, soft core sex flicks laced with ample doses of depravity and violence. Although the names most commonly associated with the form are those of Russ Meyer and David Friedman—thanks to films such as *Lorna* and *The Defilers*—psychotronic cognoscenti believe the Findlay *Flesh* trilogy (*Touch of Her Flesh*, *Curse of Her Flesh* and *Kiss of Her Flesh*) to be the supreme achievement in the genre. This is rather surprising as the Findlay movies are drab, stilted affairs barely enlivened

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by the novel ways in which their many one-dimensional characters are murdered, while the Joseph A. Mawra *Olga* series is (and was considered in its day) far more lively, sordid and vulgar.

Long unavailable both domestically and abroad, Audubon Films has managed to unearth an almost pristine copy of the initial installment in Mawra's trilogy—*Olga's House of Shame* and *Olga's Massage Parlor* are the others—and boy is it a nasty little piece of business. The film revolves almost solely around the heartless ministrations of the eponymous anti-heroine, a vicious, exotic-looking drug dealer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin running a brothel primarily for kicks. When not using her hopped-up girls to process and bag dope, Olga forces them to service her. If she's in a particularly foul mood, our mistress of pain dons her leather "cape of persuasion" for a bit of recreational torture.

This may not sound very interesting but it is. Olga, you see is quite inventive in the art of torment. So inventive in fact you'll hardly notice the absence of plot and story. There's too much weirdness going on. Most of it is rather tame by today's standards, even the tongue removal se-

CIRSIUM DELECTUS

BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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quence, director Mawra being far more interested in creating languorous tableau vivants than mordant verisimilitude. The idea is to titillate and ever so slightly disturb, not to shock or disgust.

Nevertheless, this is one of the sleaziest pics I've ever had the good fortune to see. Yes, sleazy. As in "contemptibly low" which most roughies assuredly are; still, there's just something about *Olga's Girls* which puts it a cut below the rest. Perhaps it's the fact that the "girls" are, for the most part, fairly unattractive and thus their ingenuousness makes them appear ridiculously brazen. Or maybe it's because the actresses have been instructed to languidly and lubriciously pose during the administration of the lash, to move lasciviously as if in the throes of orgasm whilst having a breast mutilated, to ape tumescence over a cruel glance or upon a discourteous caress: postures which often lend the film a sordidly dreamy feel as well as an unexpected touch of poetry. Then again, it might be the stilted and highly-mannered narration substituting for dialogue, an approach serving to distance the viewer from the proceedings, to reduce things to the surreal, to remind us what a cheap and shabby production this is . . . Ah, yes! There is much that is wonderful,

much that is risible, much that is enthralling in *Olga's Girls* . . . It is always thus with works of unintended art.

— Dom Salemi



Sun Ra: Space Is The Place

(d) John Coney (1975)

Sun Ra is dead. When he was alive, he toured constantly, playing clubs and small halls so we could see him in intimate settings. Of course you and I did not go. Now, we are pretty much fucked. As always, the post-mortem documents surface for purchase: live footage, reissues, boots, etc. However, the usual death celebration will still not properly prepare the consumer for *this*: an inspired Sub-Genius kind of thing. I wonder if the movie-couch-potato-chicken-shits will try to shunt this flick off into kitsch-ha-ha-hey-have-you-seen-this?-psycho-do-do land? Possibly, as the low-budget, cobbled-together nature of this picture might disorient the surface-oriented, sitting in their Nissans, baffled and bloated with shit details of shit culture. We, however, will do penance for never having seen the illustrious Ra in the flesh by watching *Space Is The Place* over and over until we ascend to the Sun Ra-fueled rapture heaven by way of Saturn.

Here's the rundown. The first thing you hear is: "It's after the end of the world. Don't you know that yet?" Ra's gonna teleport the black race with music—not raise consciousness. Get them out. Like the Other Man says, "If you're in jail, it's not your job to scream and rattle the cage. It's to get out." Ra's character proceeds to get out. How? By playin' this devil pimp guy (the overseer) for the world. Interspersed/woven into this is the music—including some of his most free, build-up, break-down, roots of Sonic Youth, spiritual forefather to P-Funk, pan Afro-American staccato sideways thru beating ass on the endless void music.

The government turns the FBI on Ra. And the black youth call him out. He calls 'em a myth cause they got no status and he threatens to nab the ones he wants. The battle goes 'n' goes. Ra-Pimp-Man, Man-Pimp-Ra. Supernal sounds. Philosophy. A side bet: double or nothing for the world. Kidnappery. Car chase! Jeez! this movie is so across-the-board entertaining to the non-idiot (you and me), it's damn near a lesson plan in cross thematic cohesiveness. Action. Action. Murder! Buy it. Rent it. Tape it. See it. Again and again. Atonement: redeem the time, redeem the time. Now pass it on.

— Craig Regala



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Don't the evil bastards in Pinellas County get it? They had their shot with 2 Live Crew. They lost. Why? Because they didn't have a clue as to what constituted obscenity.

Undaunted, the district attorney for this reactionary Florida community decided his office should take another shot at narrowing your First Amendment rights. This time out, the DA cleverly chose to take on someone *not* backed by a multi-million dollar entertainment conglomerate, someone not backed by anyone. Someone helpless. Someone who couldn't hit back. That someone turned out to be an to be an impoverished, relatively unsophisticated cartoonist named *MIKE DIANA*.

That's right. A cartoonist. One of those horrid people who create drawings, usually humorous, and as Webster notes, "symbolizing, satirizing, or caricaturing some action, subject, or person." Which is exactly what Mr. Diana does but as he has no money or influence and because his drawings contain penises and vaginas and mutant pre-adolescents, the state of Florida decided to make an example of him. Ain't this country great?

The charges: publishing, advertising and distributing obscene material. But forget about Diana's primitive, tragicomic art being light years away from appealing to anybody's prurient interests or that such art was just a part of a larger publishing venture—*Boiled Angel*—containing material of obvious "literary, artistic and political merit;" let's listen to DA Stuten to DA Baggish give the skinny as to why Mr. Diana had to undergo the auto-da-fe:

"This is how



responsible organizations as diverse as NOW and PTL and self-professed liberal publications such as *The Washington Post* and *The Village Voice*.

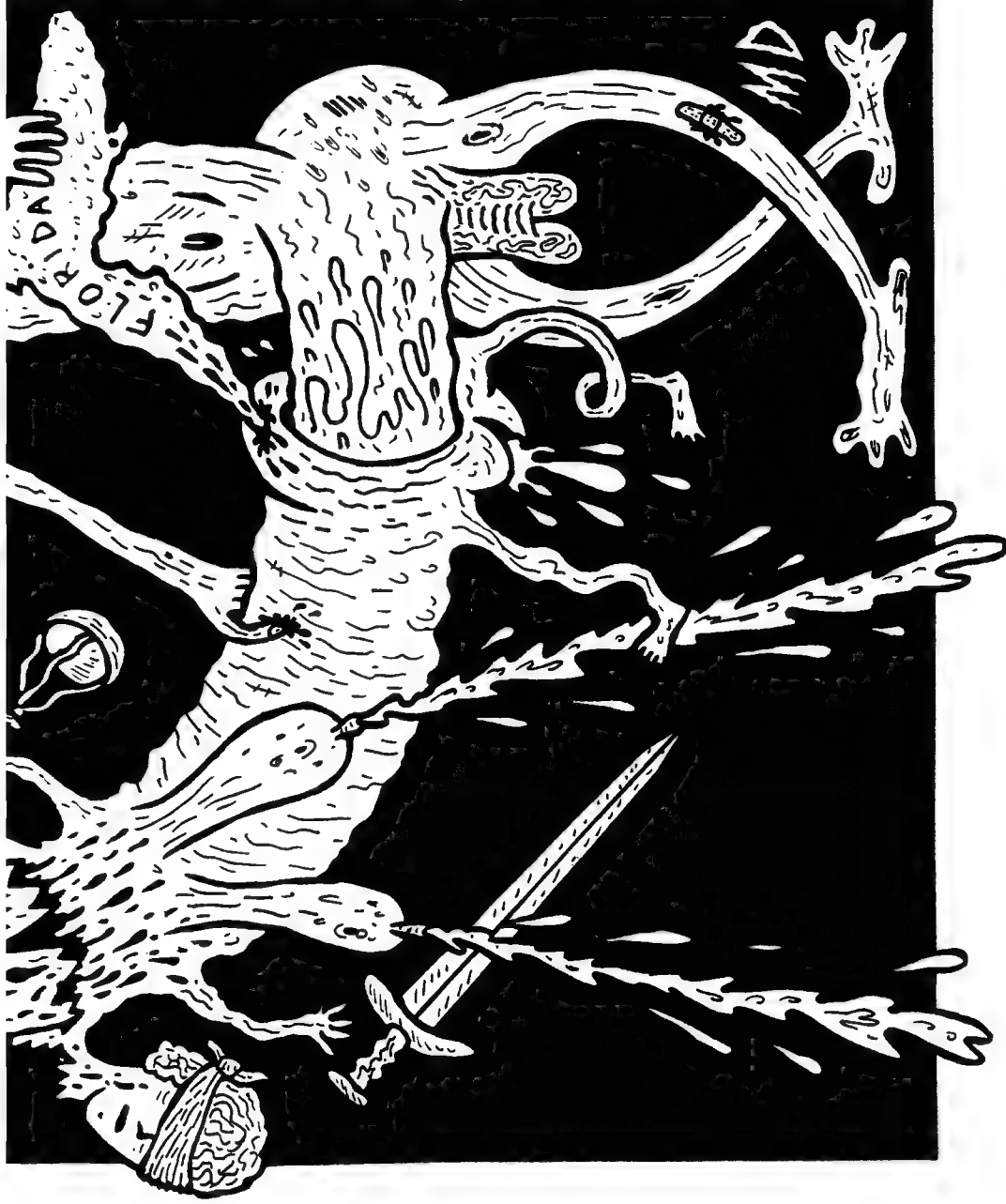
We could talk all day about the illegality of the decision handed down in Florida as a fait accompli but why bore you to death. The really shocking thing about all of this is that a state municipality—the lowest level at which you can adjudicate outside of traffic court—overruled the Supreme Court

"This is how
 Danny Rolling
 [serial killer
 who confessed
 to murdering
 five Florida co-
 eds] got started.
 Step one, you
 start with the
 drawings. Step
 two, you go on
 to the pictures.
 Step three is the
 movies. And
 step number
 four, you're into
 reality. You're
 creating these
 scenes into [sic]
 reality."

This is not ra-
 tionale. This is
 idiocy. Idiocy
 bordering on in-
 sanity. But bor-
 derline insanity
 made au cou-
 rant by de-
 ranged crusad-
 ers like Cather-
 ine MacKinnon
 and Donald
 Wildmon, irre-

The upshot of all of this? Nothing is proven. Nobody cares. And a poor, young artist is fined three thousand dollars, given three years probation, forced to perform 1,248 hours of community service, ordered to undergo psychiatric treatment and, get this, com-
 pelled to allow periodic searches by his parole officer so as to insure obscene material is no longer being produced. The latter require-
 ment means Mike can have parole revoked if his correction officer breaks into his house and finds anything—a doodle, a piece of soiled
 toilet paper—he deems pornographic. George Orwell had something like this in mind, I think, when he sat down to write 1984.

Mike and his attorneys are appealing this surreal sentence. I'm a lawyer, so trust me on this, the conviction will be overturned.
 But it will take money. Lots of money. Which Mike doesn't have. The heartless bastards in Pinellas county know this. That's why they
 went after Diana. Let's shock the hell out of these twisted things and raise a billion dollars for Mikey and for artistic freedom. Send
 your cash, checks or money orders to: The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, Box 693, North Hampton, MA 01601.



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 hope you and
 your obscenely
 bloated butt-boy
 David Aaron
 Clarke get can-
 cer of the go-
 nads!



It was a nightmarishly bad winter for Ozzy. First, the expected glut of exploitation product which usually hits the screens during the early part of the year failed to materialize. Then, a remarkable series of snow and ice storms hit the Baltimore-Washington corridor forcing the closure of Oz's beloved Benji's Drive-In until the spring. And, as if all that wasn't enough, Mr. Fide decided to do a little "hitting" himself, running his beautiful, fully-restored, cherry-red '65 LeMans into an abandoned station wagon whilst on his way home from a Pitch Shifter concert. The front end of the Brute mobile was completely totaled as was Ozzy's face which bounced off the windshield so many times an understandably alarmed spectator later told Oz it looked like someone was playing ping-pong with his head. Adding insult to injury was an arrest happy cop who just refused to believe your hero was sober as a judge. Alright, I substituted "k" for "x" while running through the alphabet for the officer, but I was thinking about the k-y jelly in my jacket pocket and the particular body parts of my gorgeous girlfriend I was going to slap it on as soon as I got home from the hospital.

The man in blue didn't buy it nor the part about my breath stinking of beer because of the unusual spices employed at the Afghani restaurant at which I had just dined. (I wouldn't have either but it just shows you how quickly ole Oz thinks on his feet when the situation calls for it.) So even though I was bleeding like a stuck pig and the medics were strapping me to a gurney, the policeman made me perform many more tests before allowing me to be trundled off to the emergency room. And this was a cop with a masters degree in English literature so the tests were really tough. Ever tried to recite "The Waste Land" while holding pieces of your jaw together? It's a bitch man, let me tell ya . . . Read on, what follows is important.

Gunmen

(d) Deran Sarafian
(1994)

Director Deran Sarafian has never made a decent picture. Christopher Lambert has never made a decent picture. Mario Van Peebles has never made a decent picture. Get the picture? Ozzy did, but went to see this miserable abortion of an action-adventure movie anyway which finds DEA agent Van Peebles breaking Bulgarian smuggler Lambert out of a South American prison to track down \$400 million in drug money stolen from the dealer who murdered Mario's father. For some unearthly reason, nefarious crippled financier Patrick Stewart comes to the conclusion that the money is his and hires psychopath Denis Leary (and if he doesn't watch out, he's going to wind up typecast very quickly) to hie after Van Peebles. Much boredom ensues although Sarafian tries to liven things up a bit by having Mario and Lambert engage in spirited hijinx such as shooting one another in the legs. Not because *they're* bored mind you. How could they be when they have bubble bath enthusiast Sally Kirkland running guns for them and a neon bedizened tropical nightclub featuring acts such as Big Daddy Kane, Dr. Dre, Eric B, Rakim, et al. performing at all hours of the night. Hey, Sarafian. Mr. Moron. Are we supposed to be in South America or South Philly?



The Getaway

(d) Roger Donaldson
(1994)

Hey, how about this! We finally get a rousing, slam-bang American production of a Jim Thompson novel and it turns out to have been directed by a New Zealander. Yes, it's a remake of the rather tepid Sam Peckinpah film and yes, it stars the marginally-talented Kim Basinger, but Donaldson has a script co-written by Walter Hill and he doesn't let Basinger talk too much. What he does ask his less than bashful blonde co-lead to do is doff her clothes at every opportunity and when she has to put something on, Donaldson makes sure it's not terribly much. Jennifer Tilly, in a desperate attempt to revive her career and upstage the beauteous Basinger, doesn't even bother with clothes. Nor does Alec Baldwin, here manfully assaying Steve McQueen's turn as a brilliant but tough-as-nails safe-cracker named Doc McCoy. For the two of you who haven't read the Thompson novel or seen the 1972 original, this flick is one of those on-the-lam pictures with Basinger and Baldwin trying to make it to Mexico with three million heisted from a dog track. Fortunately for the viewer, not only are the police forces of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico chasing the duo, but also James Woods' (who set up the caper) mob and the loony, long-haired Michael Madsen (with the noticeably heavier but still arousing Tilly in sow, er tow) as well. I say fortunately because with about six thousand people chasing our stars, Donaldson gets to film these incredible chase scenes and fantastic shoot outs and . . . and . . . did I mention the innumerable shower and bedroom scenes? Oh, I did? Well, it's obvious I've been far too excited by this thing to write about it coherently. I know that's my job but it's hard to take notes when one minute you've got an erection and the next minute you're jumping out of your seat screaming "Jesus. Did you

see that?" You need to see this too. With at *least* two six packs.



On Dangerous Ground

(d) Steven Seagal
(1994)

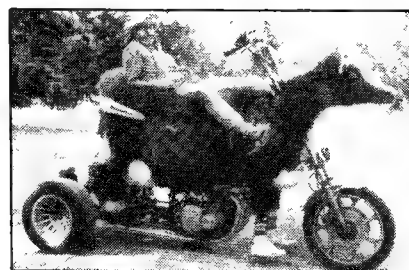
Normally, Ozzy refuses to even think about viewing a big budget exploitation flick which: (a) has had no advance screening and, (b) after the opening weekend, sports not a single favorable review on its newspaper and magazine ad spots. Even the brutally dull *Hudson Hawk* had its one-sheet adorned with a positive quip from brain-dead *Washington Post* scribe Hal Hinson. Still, any movie which makes an effort to portray oil companies as the rapacious, polluting scumbags we know them to be is gonna get Ozzy's hard-earned samolians, no matter what the critics say. Besides, the reviewers work for newspapers and major circulation journals which, for all intents and purposes, are controlled by the oil companies, so we can't really expect forthright critiques from such mainstream publications, can we? Can we? Well, after watching this predictable but nevertheless highly entertaining picture, I'd have to answer that question with a resounding NO! Seagal's always treading on dangerous ground but this time the perilous paths lie in the snow-covered steppes of Alaska. Steve's a former CIA super-operative-turned-renegade after discovering that the oil company he's working for is planning to transmogrify the 49th State's coastline into the world's largest tar pit. Michael Caine, slumming with aplomb here, is Segal's nemesis. But before Steven gets to put his hands on Michael's throat and ask "What's it all about, Alfie?," we're blessed with ample dollops of ultra-violence, treated to numerous explosions, favored with a few impossibly high-pitched gun bat-

tles and blessed with countless examples of Steven's aikido mastery. And just in case the audience doesn't get the point, Seagal, the novice director, throws in a wonderfully penetrating jeremiad against the oil companies at the film's conclusion. Attababy Stevie! See if you ever get thirty million to make a flick again.



Wild Wheels

(d) Harold Blank
(1992)



Ozzy's kind of obsessive about his '65 cherry red Pontiac LeMans. On weekends when he's not ambling around his magnificent estate potted on mint juleps, you can find him inside his classic muscle car doing a bit of touch-up work. A little filing here, a little painting there; you've seen guys like me before. But you've never, repeat, never seen guys (and a few gals) like this: frustrated sociopaths, ambulatory schizophrenics, and unabashed psychotics spending *every* minute of their spare time painstakingly decorating *every spare* inch of their otherwise non-descript automobiles. These loonies call it art; I call it madness. What would you call covering your ride in glue, piling mulch on top of that and then sprinkling the whole mess with grass seed so as to produce a two-ton mobile piece of sod? Or building an art-nouveau wrought iron chassis to fit a gutted volkswagen? Thank God documentarist Harold Blank (brother of Les) had the foresight to interview these funny car "visionaries" before they were locked up for good. The richly

ironic soundtrack adroitly mixes rock (Jimi Hendrix, Ben Vaughn), folk (Woody Guthrie), blues (Charlie Musselwhite) and classical music (Mozart, Beethoven) and is the work of *Brutalman* contributor Rex Doane.



Serial Mom
(d) John Waters
(1994)



One of the things Ozzy loves about the "DeMille of Depravity" is his painstaking attention to detail. You'll never find so much as a wasted frame of celluloid in a Waters' movie. Every line of dialogue, every shot, every movement of an actor has a purpose and that purpose is usually the elicitation of raucous laughter or screams of embarrassment from the audience. What also makes Waters' pictures such a joy to watch is the clever way he uses props and costuming as acidulously sardonic annotations to both character and setting. And the fact that it's all done in the service of bad taste—both the kitschy and the vile varieties—renders it all deliciously low, delightfully dirty. As I write this, the picture is flopping horribly and that's a shame because *Serial Mom* is terrific. It's witty, rude, gory, sexy, hilarious; chock full of running gags about masturbation, panty sniffing, cheap sex, obscene phone calls and, of course, serial killing. Kathleen Turner—her tongue

kept beautifully in cheek throughout—is the titular anti-heroine doing all the waxing. And I'm not talking about the kind involving furniture. To her friends and family, Kathleen is something right out of Ozzie and Harriet; but get her a little ticked-off (as Patti Hearst does by wearing white shoes after Labor Day), and she'll pull your liver out through your back. The kinfolk, including Sam Waterston and Rikki Lake, suspect, yet refuse to take matters into their own hands until mom becomes completely unhinged. And in a Waters' picture this means: crazier than a shithouse rat. One of the provocative messages underlying all of this, and one, given today's climate, which would probably be considered politically incorrect, is the notion that those who often seem the least offensive, e.g. Pat Boone, Roman Catholic priests, are usually the ones with the most to hide. The other side of this coin: those with "abnormal" tastes, e.g. John Waters, you and Ozzy, may be eccentric but in practical terms, are relatively harmless creatures. Which, natch, you already knew to be true.



The Stranger
(d) Christopher Frieri
(1993)

Those who have been lucky enough to catch this Lower East Side auteur's *The Orbitrons* know you have to start with at *least* a six pack before plunking one of Frieri's flicks into your VCR. This one is a surrealistic tale of a pug-ugly, psychotic punk flipping out over his lubricious wife's pregnancy. Actually, it's not really a tale, more of a stream-of-conscious-"Occurrence At Owl-Creek Bridge" kind of thing stuffed with murder, mayhem, nudity, profanity and lots of fab music including several numbers by boss Brooklyn legends the A-Bones.

None of this would matter, naturally, if Mr. Frieri didn't know how to edit, employ montage or effectively overlay imagery. Because he does, he turns this ultra-cheap, 8 mm effort into something weird, compelling and otherworldly. Docked one can because it left me wanting more after only fifty minutes. (\$24.95 from Ghost Films, 147 2nd Ave, #502, NY NY 10003)



Surviving The Game
Ernest Dickerson
(1994)

Yes, that's Ice-Motherfucking-T running around the wilds of Washington state in this ludicrous but undeniably entertaining rehash of Richard Connell's "The Most Dangerous Game." And look who's chasing him: Richard McGinley, Charles Dutton, Rutger Hauer, Gary Busey and Academy Award winner F. Murray Abraham! Unfortunately for the viewer, Busey checks out rather early (not before leaving us with a rather frightening monologue about a bulldog, cherry bombs and a psychotic father, however) and the fey, pock-marked, purple-nosed Abraham ("Son! I've spent \$50,000 to turn you into a man and I don't intend to waste it!" Murray! You want to turn your son into a man? A fifty dollar hooker would have done the trick.) is allowed to hang around until the final reel. Nevertheless, there's enough vulgarity, gratuitous violence and insulting exchanges between the principals to make up for it. Dickerson's pacing is a little suspect and he clearly has no idea of how to light and choreograph a fight scene but on the whole, *Surviving The Game* is a mindless, enjoyable romp which should boost the careers of all involved save F. Murray Abraham who, our sources tell us, has just signed on to star in *Sol de Bergerac*, a terribly suspect Golan-

Globus remake of the famous Edmond Rostand play.



The Chase

(d) Adam Rifkin
(1994)

If you're going to use the cab of a car being chased by the cops as an extended existential metaphor, you'd better have some interesting dialogue going on in the front seat. Or at least a lot of action going on outside of it. *The Chase* has neither; just Kristy Swanson and Charlie Sheen making goo-goo eyes at each other, a cheap, extended lampoon of sensationalist reportage and a cheaper, longer burlesque of urban police. There are a few genuine belly-laughs to be had in this road picture - Mr. Sheen is an innocent on the run from the law with the aforementioned Ms. Swanson as the rich hostage, overcoming her initial disdain to fall in love with her captor. But after a slam bang and often hilarious opening twenty minutes, the grins are few and far between in this fitfully-paced and fitfully-acted spoof. In fact, if it wasn't for the hilarious mugging of Henry Rollins as the driver of the lead patrol car and Flea and Anthony Kiedis (Red Hot Chili Peppers) as stoned hippy van drivers, I don't think I would have stayed around for the finish.



Sugar Hill

(d) Leon Ichaso
(1994)

"Favorably compares to the dramas of Shakespeare and Eugene O'Neill." Yes, that's the kind of language critics were lavishing on this pretentious, overblown gangsta, drug-dealing drama. Wesley Snipes is the drug dealer in question and he's being torn apart by the nature of his bid-

ness. You'll be torn apart by the fact that, try as he might, director Ichaso simply can't make a mountain out of a mo' Hill. And Wesley has neither the depth nor the range to bring this hodgepodge of clichés to life. There are a number of interesting supporting performances though, particularly those given by Abe "Fish" Vigoda as the aging Italian mafiosi and Clarence "Link" Williams III as Snipes' father. The movie does look great; the scribes who have also been praising the flick's "rich visual" style happen to be right on the mark, but all style and little substance won't score ya too many cans from Mr. Fide. Ozzy did, however, appreciate the ingenious solution devised by director Ichaso for tying up all loose plot ends, i.e., wiping out every male character in the picture. This is what's known in the trade as the Jacobean ending.



No Escape

(d) Martin Campbell
(1994)

No escape from tedium that is. The first action adventure movie in history without a single woman. And without any suspense or plausibility. Ray Liotta, woefully miscast, is a burnt out ex-Navy Seal sentenced to a life term on a desolate island where two rival gangs hold sway. The good guys are The Insiders led by a Christ-like figure played by an obviously bored Lance Henriksen. The better dressed—leather and bone—and far more interesting bad guys are a bunch of killer cannibal homosexuals calling themselves, you guessed it, The Outsiders. When the evil tribe decides it's time to wipe out Lance and his boys, Liotta throws in his lot with the latter. There's one decent battle sequence and a few good scenes of mayhem, but in between it's mostly marginal talents like Ernie Hudson and Kevin Dillon either bear-

ing or searching their souls. Which is a shame because it looks like producer Gale Ann Hurd (*Terminator 2*, *Aliens*) shelled out about fifty million dollars for the sets. Especially the Disneyland style jungleland inhabited by Henriksen's homies.

Brainscan

(d) John Flynn
(1994)



This brain-dead Canadian atrocity, touted as a horror film, contains no sex, no nudity and very little violence. There is horror in it though, i.e., the performances of budding young felcher Edward (*Pet Semetary 2*, *Terminator 2*) Furlong and newcomer T. Ryder Smith as Trickster, the effeminate Eddie's monstrous alter ego. The moronic story has Eddie ordering a virtual reality video game and subsequently being transmogrified into a vicious serial killer. And if you buy that, I've got some prime realty in Rwanda for ya. Credit must be given however, to has-been Frank Langella as the detective stalking fudge-packer Furlong for refusing to get into the spirit of things, giving a performance bringing new meaning to the word "comatose." Maybe it's the residual effects of the accident,

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but this fright flick is ever more loathsome than the wretched *Leprechaun* and makes that picture look like *Cabin* of *Dr. Caligari* in comparison.



Mother's Boys

(d) Yves Simoneau
(1994)



What a shame they let a Frenchman get a hold of this flick. It had so much promise as a piece of pure exploitation. Jamie Lee Curtis is this hot, wigged-out mom who comes to the conclusion that the only way she can get her estranged family back is by screwing her soon to be ex-husband (Peter Gallagher) and her twelve

year old son. Well, she only takes her clothes off in front of her understandably intrigued prepubescent and asks him to feel her caesarean scar, but only a cretin would miss the point. And of course Simoneau does, down-playing the incest angle and slowing down the action to a snail's pace in a desperate attempt to turn a piece of vile trash into an art film. Still, there are a few good shocks and a marvelously understated performance by Ms. Curtis. (What's Vanessa Redgrave doing in the bit part as Jamie Lee's long-suffering mom? Does the PLO really need money that badly?) A little more nudity and a lack of respect for the material would have made this a classic, which this most assuredly is not.



Freaked

(d) Alex Winter & Tom Stern
(1993)

Who woulda thunk it? Director Winter discovers a script allowing him to

make a flick more cretinous than his two *Bill & Ted* movies. And far more entertaining to boot. This virtually plotless motion picture stars Randy Quaid as a mad scientist turning fringe actors like Brooke Shields, Bobcat Goldthwaite and Mr. T., as well as a legion of non-entities, into hilarious looking mutants so that a couple of dozen cheap jokes can be made at their expense. I could tell you about some of them, but what's the point? The picture doesn't have one so why bother? *Freaked* ran for about a week in New York—and no other city that I know of—and then sank without a trace; but let me tell ya, it's mean spirited, often quite funny, extremely crude and possesses absolutely no redeeming value. So, in other words, it's a must see (if only for the freak costumes and make-up which are unbelievably gross). Peter Jackson, look out, American filmmakers are starting to catch on.

From "Lives of the Cartoonists"

had recently finished a 10-year run of Muggs and Baby, his popular domestic comedy strip, for Hearst Newspapers. Muggs and Baby



Fig. 1. Lady Dotterly, Muggs the Major, and Baby McGoo.

ended when Major Muggs accidentally killed Baby McGoo while demonstrating his swordplay (Fig. 2). His next Hearst feature was



Fig. 2: The surprisingly Brutal end of McGoo.

the unpopular and shortly cancelled "Muggs deals with Death." Major Muggs, his very personality rent asunder, has become an undertaker. Each day variations on the same theme: deranged undertaker Muggs presents the unwitting bereaved wife, son, husband, etc. with the macabre means he has devised for the disposition of their loved one's bodily remains. (Figs. 3-8.)



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

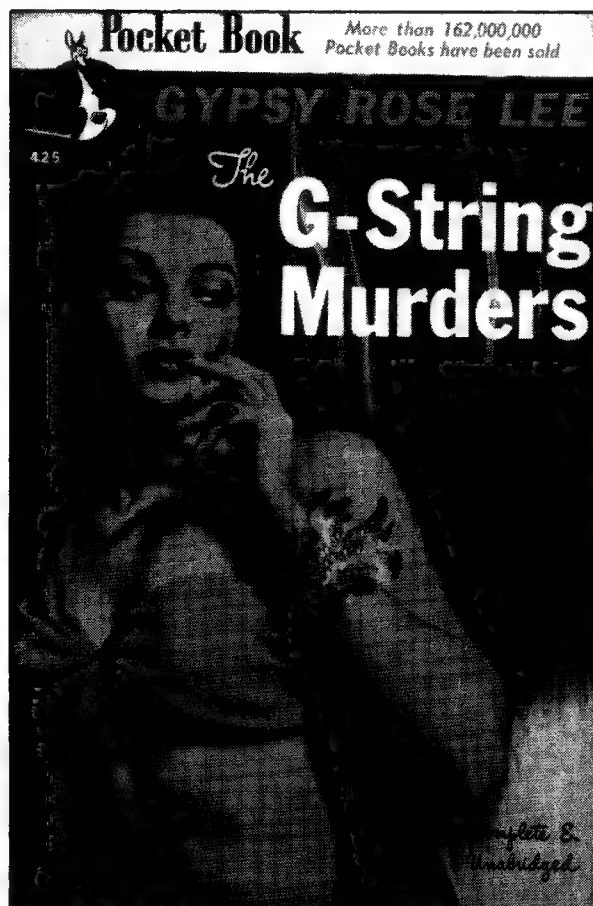
Muggs! The once popular avuncular

P. Revess

On the BRUTARIAN

TELEPHONE SEX AND THE INVISIBLE MAN, TOO

This contemporary Italian (?) softcore mess directed by Frank DeNiro is strictly for bush and butt fanatics only. What little "story" there is follows a sultry blonde dick-tease named Petra and her dark-haired friend Ula. Petra likes to spend her day hitching rides with strangers and playfully lifting her skirt in front of them! She gets raped about every five minutes but shrugs it off as work-related inconvenience. Ula, on the other gland, spends her time trying to entice one reluctant dude over the phone by rubbing the thing in her own little "see an' pee" while he listens in disgust. Hence, the "phone sex" of the title. As for the invisible man . . . did I mention how fucking dumb and plot-less this film is? I didn't? Okay, but wait . . . At one point, Petra meets up with a strange guy who has the power to make himself invisible. I think he's the plumber. Soon he's doing a little invisible pipework on ol' petrified Petra herself. In one scene, she jerks off his see-through schlong whilst rubbing a phone in her crotch! This sounds way more interesting than it actually is, believe me. Basically, you have these two hot Euro-chicks flashing their off-limits areas for seventy-some minutes while the camera constantly zooms in and out on the shit more often than three Jess Franco flicks combined. The two women are gorgeous, but the picture quality seems to be a bit on the fuzzy side. Hey, even my vision doesn't get *that* blurry when I whack-off. The film has new english subtitles supplied by Video Search of Miami, which means there was probably a loss of one generation dubbing quality. It's cool that they went to the trouble, but I can't really see the point in subtitling this one. It only showcases how unrealistic, pointless and plain old STOOPID it is. Now, the *real* reason to check this thing out? Petra and Ula have four of the nicest orifices I've ever feasted my tear-filled peepers on! Therefore, as I've said, I can only really recommend this film to assophiles and beaver maniacs with extremely good eyesight. Not to be



ass-inine, but on my copy, the flick cuts off after seventy-one minutes and seems to be missing its, uh, end. I'm sure if I return the tape, the good folks at VSM will *rectumfy* the situation. So, make no ifs, ands, or *butts* about it, if firm tuchases and muff-in-the-buff are your cup of pee, then *snatch* up a copy quick, you *cheeky* little devils.

POCKET BOOK

(1967) Ann is a stacked, sweet little blonde secretary whose life is about to take an unexpected turn for the worse. One day, she is spotted by a tall, weird geek (who is played by a guy actually named Trom Little). This skinny ninny sets up an altar-like table with a blond-haired children's doll on it. He pretends it's Ann and, being so fond of her, fondles the hell out of it. Strange thing is, every time he feels it up, ol' Ann feels the same damn thing! Hello, dolly! Director Louis

by **Brian Horrorwitz**

Silverman (actually Doris Wishman) doesn't play this one for laughs, though. In fact, this flick's a little more bleak than most of Miss Wishman's. Ann thinks she's going nutso and doesn't know whether to get help from her boyfriend or kill himself. She seeks solace from her co-worker and best friend Babs, but Babs is more interested in screwing her "mediterranean" stud Monty, doing nude yoga exercises, and generally running around nekkid. One scene finds a stripped-down Babs (with her cottage-cheese butt hangin' out) kissing her own reflection in a mirror. (Seems to me I've seen this stunt before in several of these films.) In a lengthy dream-sequence, Trom imagines that he gets to boink Ann. I certainly hope actress Sharon Kent (as Ann) was paid a lot of dough for doing this scene, what with her not only having to passionately kiss this creep on the mouth, but pretend to enjoy it too! Overall, good sleaze from Doris Wishman but not quite as manic as her *Another Day, Another Man*. (Something Weird Video)

ceases to exist under this torment. Symbolically, a clock with no hands looms in the background. "Pleasure and pain . . . Pleasure and pain . . . Tick-tock . . . Tick-tock . . . For ever and ever . . ." Howard, of course, thinks this is horrible. Things start to get really weird as *Mondo Keyhole* switches from Freudian bullshit narration to insightful voiceovers by Howard as a disturbing rape montage folds into a bizarre and very well-directed dream. Howard envisions a sort-of evil personified type of mystery woman who inflicts mental torment upon him. One day Howard attacks the wrong woman. Guess who her friend turns out to be? Guess what they do to ol' Howie? Hey kids, what time is it? Some guys have all the luck. This film is heavily recommended to sexploitation fans looking for something a little different. It's a fast-paced and well thought out production. The effective music score goes from manic jazz-noise (during a foot-chase scene) to sixties rock of the "groovy" sort at a tripped-out costume/swimming pool party. The women are all knockouts and—get this—I've just been informed that a different video label will soon be releasing an authorized longer version (taken from the original negative) containing nude scenes which were apparently cut from this print! I'm ready, baby, I'm ready! (Something Weird Video)

(1966) Director John Lamb gives us another entry from the "What The Fuck!?" School of Filmmaking. This one should be called "Mondo Cleavage" 'cause, although there's no actual nudity, there's still mounds and mounds of firm boobies bouncing around, hanging out, and otherwise protruding in a most boner-inducing fashion. Not actually a mondo-style documentary, this film is more of a story with frequent psychobabble narrative interruptions over surreal scenes of skulls, brains, ocean waves shot in negative, and other dream-like visions. The story? Well, uh . . . Must I? Oh, okay. Let's see . . . Howard Thorn is a successful rich businessman with a bee-yootiful busty young wife. Problem is, he can only get his rocks off when raping an unwilling accomplice. What could be causing this? His curvaceous, blonde wife Vicky, constantly tries to get it on with him and even dresses in various erotic get-ups only to get the cold shoulder. Perhaps Howie's job is starting to have bad effects on him. He manages some sort of adult entertainment company which produces magazines, films, and even LPs such as "Punishment In Hi-Fi." (No, it's not the new Michael Bolton record.) Bored and rejected, Vicky turns to heroin use. Howard visits a film studio during the shooting of an interesting S&M scene during which two stacked leather girls alternately kiss and then whip a man strapped down to a long table. The director explains to a disturbed Howard that for the victim, in this case a captured rapist, time

. . . is a collection of greatest "hits," so to speak, from various Japanese movies of the *Captured For Sex* variety. An attractive young girl (who appears to be in her teens) rollerskates into a quiet, empty movie theater. Once she switches the projector on the film within the film takes over, slamming into an unbelievable introductory montage that'll wake your jaded American ass up in a hurry. As Wagner's "Ride Of The Valkyries" kicks in, we are assaulted with rapid fire visions of bondage and flagellation which are shockingly frank yet imaginatively staged, leaving us with the feeling that we're not in fuckin' Kansas anymore. Nude bodies hang in every direction like perverse decorative ornaments, the recognition of terror seen by one woman in various broken pieces of mirror, a naked couple inside a small cage as it falls hundreds of feet, and dozens of other stark images—and this is just the first five minutes! The remainder of the film contains scenes from various movies which all seem to star the same actress. These sequences also appear somewhat similar in structure as well, which leads me to believe they were done by one or probably two directors. Again, as I've



Pat Barrington (right): "Boy, these bus terminals really heat up!"

mentioned in previous reviews, Japanese flicks of this ilk depend on the viewers' personal taste as to what he or she deems "erotic." In most of the clips which follow, the women all start off as helpless victims but usually end up enjoying themselves. So, whether this is appealing (or even watchable) is up to you. What separates these films from straight-ahead porn is not so much *what* is being portrayed, but *how* it's portrayed. It's also what isn't being shown that keeps your attention. No genitalia is ever seen. (It's illegal in Japan.) In fact, nothing explicit is ever really displayed. Instead, we are given creative camera angles, provocative situations, and extremely convincing portrayals by the actors. The stylish, non-gratuitous and classy look, moreover, make the taboo subject matter more approachable and the scenarios more titillating. The main woman, the "queen" of the title, usually finds herself in an uncompromising position. She projects just the right emotional response for a film like this through facial expressions and sounds of vulnerability, pain, fear, etc., which then turn into a kind of sexual awakening. This is a theme which seems to flourish in these movies—the release of repressed sexuality through forced confrontation with the forbidden (in this case sadism, domination, etc). Perhaps this is a re-

flection of the true pent-up frustrations and anxieties of real male-female relationships, sexual and otherwise, in modern day Japan. Men seem to be the dominant figures in a lot of these clips. In one of the only humorous segments, a secretary straps on a vibrating device under her skirt before going to work. Once in the crowded office, her male friend (?) pulls out a remote control and turns it on and off, doing the same to the submissive sec as well. Every now and then the film cuts back to our nubile projectionist gradually losing more and more clothing as she gets turned on while watching the clips. The last ten or so minutes is a late scene from *Captured For Sex 3* (reviewed last ish). However, during the shocking finale of that scene, the film jams in the projector and burns up. The sexually exhausted projectionist, now asleep and completely nude, dreams on unaware of what's happening. Suddenly, the loose film takes life, and appears to affectionately wrap itself around the sleeping beauty . . . This lighthearted finale is perhaps the filmmaker's way of telling the viewer, "Hey, this is all just fantasy!" Maybe they're suggesting that the only way to really get into these flicks is to suspend your disbelief and look at this stuff as just that: pure fantasy. Indeed, films like these seem to almost subconsciously force the viewer to make a moral decision: Is this behavior acceptable as entertainment? As art? As reality? *The Queen of S & M* says: "Hai." (Available on Japanese laserdisc)

GIRL WITH MINDGAMES

(196?) William Rotsler, the man who gave us the superior *Agony Of Love*, made this one about two cute lesbos, one of whom murders a man out of jealousy in the opening scene. To be honest, that's all I can remember of the plot, 'cause about half-way through this thing, the truly bangworthy Pat Barrington does an infuckingcredible, unfuckingbelievable ten minute (or so) topless strip dance! This completely erased all memory I had of the rest of this flick. The way Pat played it straight into the camera had me harder than algebra, baby! Oh, yeah!! Unfortunately, she's only in this one sequence, stripping at an all-female birthday party. If you're a hardcore Pat fan, watch this one if only for the one scene. Ssslurp! (Something Weird Video)

ALIEN METAPHOR

ORIGINS OF THE

I WAS BORN ON
THE ROOF OF MY
HOUSE, UNDER
THE LIGHT OF
A GIANT UFO.

MY FATHER
WAS AN ALIEN
FROM A PLANET
FAR AWAY.

THIS IS GOING
TO HURT ME
MORE THAN
YOU.

MY MOTHER
WAS A GORILLA
FROM A JUNGLE
FAR AWAY.

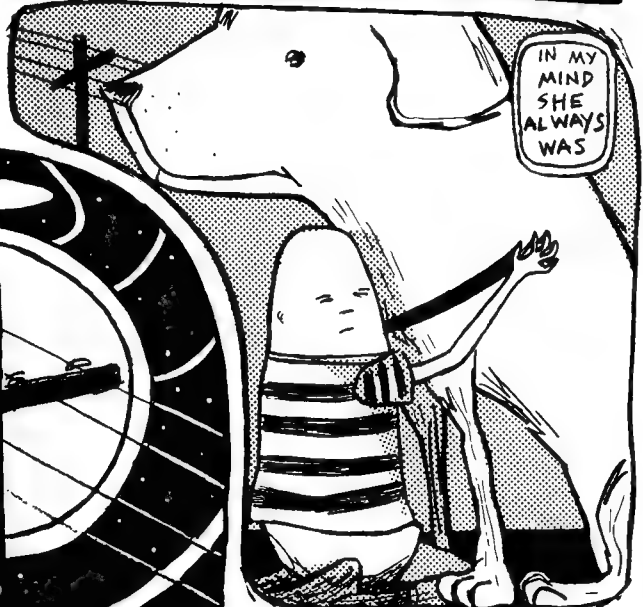
HERE, MAKE
YOURSELF
DECENT!

IN MANY WAYS
WE WERE A
FAMILY NOT
UNLIKE YOUR
OWN.

ALIEN METAPHOR



MY DOG LOOKED LIKE A GIANT



THE TALLEST TREES WERE TELEPHONE POLES

I'D USE THEIR ENERGY TO CONTACT DAD UP ABOVE



F. CUNNINGHAM '92

ALIEN METAPHOR



BORN OF ALIEN

AND OF APE



GOD DAMN!



MY CHILDHOOD WAS A PROMISE THAT COULDN'T BE KEPT.

I MUST WARN HIM.



S. CUNNINGHAM 1992

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Now and On Earth

Vintage (1942/1994)

Heed The Thunder

Vintage (1946/1994)

The Transgressors

Vintage (1961/1994)

Jim Thompson

The Jim Thompson revival continues apace, with the reissue of three fairly obscure novels in the Thompson canon. Varying wildly in quality, they all, nevertheless make for fairly entertaining reading. Curiously, for a writer so au courant, these books have been greeted with little fanfare by the mainstream press.

Want to know how the defeated live? Dip into *Now and On Earth*, spend a few days with impoverished James Dillon and his dysfunctional Okie family in their small flat in San Diego and learn all you need to know. It's not the stereotypical hell filled with fire and brimstone, but an almost presentable retreat with almost presentable kinfolk. Almost. That's what hell is. Almost. A place where family, friends, acquaintances are "almost" normal; where your job is "almost" meaningful. "Almost" a living.

Dillon is an alcoholic writer trying to stave off a complete mental and physical breakdown and complete his next novel. Or so he thinks. That's the sick joke at the heart of *this* novel. Dillon is already more than half insane. We get the feeling this is so as he recounts his passive reactions to household altercations so vile or violent as to border on the surreal. We are sure this is so when Dillon continually breaks off from the narrative to talk to us about the inventory system he is streamlining at work. The inventory system has nothing to do with the story. And the technical jargon Dillon employs in his explanations renders his discourse meaningless. Clarity is what all writers strive for; Dillon is obviously blocked, in more ways than one.

Out of this pain, this seemingly never-ending, draining nonsense, comes compassion and understanding. And poetry. When Dillon talks about his young daughter's insanity or wrestles with his love and his hatred for his prematurely senescent father, we get a glimpse into a kind of beauty which might light up the world if the writer-narrator only had the courage or strength to cry "Enough!" and set it down on paper. The pity of the telling is that these profound epiphanies, these marvelous insights lead to nothing. What are you listening

to, Dillon.? Nothing. What do you see Dillon? Nothing. Nothing? Again nothing.

So, the beauty of Thompson's semi-autobiographical debut lies in this: we're given a sordid, despairing, all too believable story and we keep reading. Keep hoping against hope even though we know all hope is gone. Not just for Dillon but for everyone. Still, isn't that what life is all about when you come right down to it? The will to live, the struggle to continue against all odds? Thompson wrote this book in a cheap hotel room in NYC with his back literally to the wall. The stink of fear, failure and incipient madness cling to almost every page of it.

Written in two weeks in a hotel room in New York City while living on little more than cigarettes and whiskey, Jim Thompson's second novel is an impressionistic scattershot epic of the struggles of a small rural Nebraska town shortly after the turn of the century. Based on Thompson's childhood experiences in his mother's hometown of Burwell, Nebraska, *Heed The Thunder* is set in the fictional farm community of Verdon in the far midwest, a community in which the Fargo clan is the largest and most influential. It is to this town and to this clan that young Robert Dillon and his mother Edie Fargo Dillon return at the opening of the novel. Edie has come to start a new life now that she has realized that her husband, who has recently left her, is, in all likelihood, never to return. Once Mrs. Dillon arrives, the book takes root, becoming a chronicle of sorts of the lives of the Fargo's and their friends during the years Robert—Jim Thompson—grows from child to young manhood.

While filled with many powerfully written chapters and, for the most part, robustly written, and laced with many bravura passages of comedy and social satire, *Heed The Thunder* is far too short and poorly structured to accommodate its many themes and characters. Often, quite often, unfortunately for the reader, Thompson will introduce a person or an idea and then appear to lose interest only to return to them long after we have lost interest. Irritating too, is the way, Thompson shunts to the sideline his most compelling personages—the hilariously garrulous and ambitious lawyer Jeff Parker, the insane disfigured monster, Mike Czemy, the languid aesthete and dandy Grant Fargo—for the more prosaic members of the Fargo family. This is a work which cries for a slower pace and many, many more pages. Although often compared to Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, Thompson's book lacks its assured, anecdotal style. A better comparison, I think, would be to the massive family histories of Thomas Wolfe as Thompson's intent appears to have been to write a massive poetic history stuffed with as many personalities, motifs and emotions he could hack out of the inchoate dreams and memories of his own life. If Thompson had been given two years, perhaps he could have produced the grand opus *Heed The Thunder* so obviously strives to be (it was supposedly the first part of a trilogy). Still, the novel is worth reading, if for nothing

else than the adumbration of many of the thematic concerns and grotesqueries (the sins of the past returning to haunt or destroy, the calm facade belying the rot within, the dark or the night as place of illusory refuge) which would be given better and more effective treatment in the subsequent crime novels.

First issued in 1961, *The Transgressors* finds Thompson mining the same vein as *The Killer Inside Me*. Still, all Jim strikes here is fool's gold with this pale imitation. In fact, *The Transgressors* bears so many similarities to *Killer* that in the end readers familiar with the later are likely to end up wondering why Thompson bothered to type the damned thing in the first place. Perhaps, as Michael J. McCauley noted in his intriguing and penetrating study of this hardest of hard boiled writers, *Sleep With The Devil*, the author wanted to give the Lou Ford character a second chance at happiness. I think McCauley is a little off base since Lou Ford, to my way of thinking, was obviously hopelessly insane and so had about as much chance of achieving happiness as a bleeding rat dropped into a shark filled tank of water, but I can see what he's driving at. Tom Lord is essentially a sane version of Lou Ford. (Tom Lord, Lou Ford; get it? In another clever bit of literary transmogrification, Thompson has taken Ford's prostitute girlfriend Joyce Lakeland and turned her into . . . prostitute girlfriend Joyce Lakewood.)

Like *Killer Inside Me*, *The Transgressors* concerns a small town Texas sheriff who is, or at least thinks he is, far too smart for the job and for everyone else he's supposedly serving. And he makes this perfectly clear to everyone by purposely acting like an idiot. In *Killer*, Lou Ford deliberately spoke in clichés; here Tom Ford deliberately exaggerates the redneck tropes and mannerisms of the rural Texan. This is, to put it simply, a crazy way to work out your frustration. The beauty of *Killer* was in watching our anti-hero's madness slowly tumesce and "split [him] right down the middle." With Tom Ford, we grow bored at having the seams constantly coming undone and Thompson rushing in with his needle and thread, putting confused Tom back together again. There are moments of pure, delicious terror but they are undercut by Thompson's timidity, his unwillingness to cross the line. We approach the edge of sanity with our sheriff and then are pulled back, for no good reason. And to no apparent end. After the second or third time, you realize, somewhat disappointedly, that Thompson isn't teasing or playing; he just doesn't want to go too far. He's working toward a happy ending—you can just feel this is so—and a total breakdown of the central character isn't going to allow the achievement of that end.

There are a few interesting scenes and some nicely drawn subsidiary characters but on the whole everything rings false. Thompson's writing from his head, not his gut, and the result is a stilted and rather uneventful roman gris which just doesn't go anywhere. There is a "there" we reach, yet it might just as well be "here" as "there." And the few murders and beatings don't really mean anything in light of Thompson's refusal to adhere

an opening of
aesthetic
perceptions to
include the
vastness and
ultimate
fragility of the
universe itself

You'll Die Next

Harry Whittington

Originally published in 1954, this tells the story of Henry Wilson, an every-day guy whose world quickly falls apart. While eating breakfast with his (improbably) beautiful wife, the doorbell rings. Henry answers it and promptly gets the shit kicked out of him by a mysterious stranger who says he's acting for someone named "Sammy." In short order, Henry is fired from his job, his wife disappears, and then he's on the run. From both the police - who think he's killed a cop - and from "Sammy," a crazy blind man who's mistaken him for someone else. Whittington doesn't stand with the best of the Fifties noir paperback writers, but he's good: much like Spillane, actually, in his ability to keep everything moving and hook it all together with a kind of emotional logic or power. Everything Henry touches in this novel, everything on which he's built his life, vanishes from underneath leaving him and the reader by novel's end in a nightmarish world of "grey-looking people wandering through . . . humps of garbage, probing and picking." Wow!

Carroll & Graf (1993)
— Doug Bassett

to the milieu he's created. He's writing fiction, sure, but he's skirting the "reality" of his characters and their environment for the sake of a few cheap thrills and a number of poorly placed plot twists. When a writer does this, his whole construct eventually collapses like a house of cards. What's ultimately so dismaying about *The Transgressors* is that Thompson doesn't even bother to build with a full deck.

— Dom Salemi

Charles Bukowski—Screams from the Balcony: Selected Letters 1960-1970

ed. Seamus Cooney
Black Sparrow Press/1993

Your taste for this will be totally dependent on how much you already know about Bukowski's life and work. This is obviously not the place for newcomers to get their feet wet. But long time fans—like you—shouldn't hesitate diving in. The water's fine.

As with most of Bukowski's oeuvre, these letters are uneven in quality. The book's not really meant to be read the way I did it—in one sitting—but if you stick with Charlie you'll find, on almost every page, something good, something funny, something wise. Here are three examples, chosen literally at random:

"I spent Xmas in bed asleep. I hate to go out on the streets on Xmas day. The fuckers act like they are out of their minds . . . They don't have the guts—or the sense—to pass it up."

[On whether his drinking interferes with his inspiration.] *"I don't worry about inspiration. When the writing dies, it dies; fuck it. I DRINK TO KEEP GOING ANOTHER DAY. And I've found that the best way to drink is to drink ALONE."*

[Bukowski's conception of poetry.] *"I think of it more as a loaf of bread, a long fat hot loaf, sliced in half down the middle, spread with pickles, onions, meats, garlic, chilies, old fingernails . . . add ice beer and a shot of scotch, ram it down under electric light."*

But *Selected Letters* doesn't confine itself solely to Bukowski and his work, there is much talk about writers and *their* work. Charlie is very sure of what he likes and what he likes might surprise you:

"Camus' The Stranger, the early Sartre, the few poems of that homo Genet; Jeffers; Auden before he got comfortable; the early Shapiro (and then with a sense of distrust); Cummings when he didn't get too fucking cute; the early Spender . . ."

What Charlie doesn't like probably will not surprise you:

"I have just read the immortal poems of the ages and come away dull . . . I sense a lot of pretense and poesy footwork; I am writing a poem, they seem to say, look at me!"

Later, talking about poetry published in the *New Yorker*:

"This they consider poetry because it's pretty and it's a con game and they think that we CAN'T write it, but we can, we simply refuse to."

For Bukowski, literary structure is more than just restricting, it's positively UNMANLY. A REAL MAN should "get down to raw paint, splatter;" he should be forced "to write in a roomful of skulls, bits of raw meat hanging, nibbled by fat slothy rats . . ."

Well, maybe I'm just effeminate, but Bukowski has always struck me as a writer who needed that kind of structure the most. His best work, to my mind, was in short stories (collected in volumes like *South of No North* and *Hot Water Music*), and I think the reason is that the short story form imposed a much-needed discipline on him. When he was at his worst he was very lazy, and the finished product drips out all over the place, like vomit on a rain-slicked sidewalk. The novels—*Factotum*, *Hollywood*, *Post Office*, and *Ham on Rye* (his best)—are basically fictionalized autobiography, usually episodic in nature. They're all very entertaining, occasionally powerful; still, they suffer from lack of design and continuity.

You come to letters, though, with different assumptions than you do to stories, poems or novels: you expect less; you're willing to go along more for the ride. Hell, you wouldn't be reading the fucking things if you weren't interested in Bukowski's general thoughts, right? Given that, and the fact that this collection touches so many bases, *Screams* must be adjudged a success.

Charlie's dead now. I didn't know the man but I already miss him. He was an inspiration. His life was the triumph of brute courage and mindless perseverance over dumb luck, bad genes and rampant alcoholism. I hope the second volume follows hard upon the first.

— Doug Bassett

Poltergeist—A Study In Destructive Haunting

Colin Wilson

Llewellyn Publications (1993)

A silly subject to be sure, yet the almost overwhelming scientific and historical evidence marshalled by the prolific Mr. Wilson leaves little doubt that the hobgoblin or, to use modern parlance, poltergeist, exists.

But what is a poltergeist? Is it a ghost, the wandering soul of the dead?

Could be. Could be. It can also be a thought focus or what experts in the field call elementals. An elemental is a spirit of nature often possessing indeterminate form, as with the Greek dryad or maenad. In England and Ireland they often appear as leprechauns or fairies (Don't laugh, William Butler Yeats and Arthur Conan Doyle believed them to be very real and the latter wrote a book on the subject, *The Coming Of The Fairies*).

Quite often, poltergeists associate themselves with objects, and to move or deface the object in question is to run the risk of great bodily and mental harm. One of the more fascinating tales in *Poltergeist* concerns a Brazilian woman who discovers a totem half-buried in the sand near the sea-shore. Warned that the sculpture is a statue of a sea-goddess which has been placed on the strand as an offering for some favor and very likely carries a curse for those who chose to remove it, the woman, whose name is Maria and who is quite well educated, dismisses the admonition as hysterical superstition and brings the wooden piece home with her. A few days later, Maria becomes violently ill after eating some chocolate. Shortly thereafter, she begins to lose weight and stamina, and starts spitting up blood. A doctor tells her that this is caused by a mysterious patch on one of her lungs, a patch that just as mysteriously disappears a few months later. Maria shrugs all of this off as coincidence.

Alright, so big deal, Maria had a few medical problems. Doesn't everybody? Wait. The angry spirit of the sea-goddess is just getting started. Maria's medical problems are no sooner over when a pressure cooker blows

Asian Trash Cinema: The Book

Thomas Weisser

Trash film aficionados bemoaning the fact that the American market is no longer producing their kind of flick, need to turn their eyes toward the East where our little yellow friends are producing some of the most mind-boggling spectacles in the history of cinema. Mr. Weisser, publisher of *European Trash Cinema* and *Asian Trash Cinema*, and author of the definitive study of the spaghetti western (*The Good, The Bad & The Violent*) is perhaps the world's foremost authority on Asian martial arts, horror and action-adventure films. And now he's given us the definitive guide to motion pictures of this type; an alphabetical compendium of hundreds of Far Eastern exploitation pictures. As invaluable a guide as it is, the book also makes for great bathroom reading; the critiques are succinct, entertaining, informative and never overly analytical. Tom also throws in dozens of terrific pics and provides, as a bonus, a director listing as well as a genre index.

ATC (1994)

— Dom Salem

Thongs

Alexander Trocchi

This reissue of the 1956 Olympia Press edition by Britain's leading Beat recounts the surreal tale of a young woman's escape from the brutal slums of Glasgow and rise to the position of Grand Painmistress in a branch of a secret international sado-masochistic society. As a

story, *Thongs* works quite well; as a piece of existential erotica, it works even better. What does one, or can one do when one wants nothing more than to burn with desire every waking moment? Is it possible to remain in such a state without extinguishing the life force? Trocchi provides several intriguing solutions, his heroine ultimately rejecting them all for "passion [raised] to such a level that life becomes extinct within it."

Blast Books (1994)

—Dom Salemi

Hollywood Rock

Marshall Grenshaw

Former John Lennon imitator and current treacly pop tunesmith throws together a highly readable companion to *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia*, a guide to more than 300 flicks in which rock and roll plays an "indispensable" or "essential" part. Films are rated by a number of pop culture mavens on the basis of musical content, coolness and audacity. While I could have done with a little less input from Dominic Priore who seems to think that western civilization reached its zenith on the sands of southern California in the early states, *Hollywood Rock* is, for the most part, informative, entertaining and reliable, e.g., *The World's Greatest Sinner*, *Hated and High School Confidential* garner perfect ratings. An invaluable appendix provides info on scores of films the editors weren't able to include and a second nicely synthesizes several dozen concert pics and documentaries.

Harper Perennial
(1994)

—Dom Salemi

up in her flat, resulting in second degree burns on her arms and face. And no sooner does she return from the hospital than Maria's oven explodes, shooting out sheets of flames. (An engineer was called in and could find nothing wrong with the appliance.)

Not too surprisingly, given all that's happened to her, Maria starts to have suicidal impulses. Many times she finds herself fighting the urge to throw herself under a bus or out of her fifteenth floor apartment window. But perhaps these irresistible urges were caused by the . . . presences, invisible haunts accosting her whenever she entered her bedroom. One is obviously male. Maria knows this because it rapes her several times.

It is only after talking to a local "cultist" (witchdoctor to you and me) and being told that she is cursed does the incredibly hard-headed Maria decide to return to the beach with the idol. If she has any doubts as to the validity of this course of action, they are quickly dispelled when she discovers that the few bits of paint remaining on the totem correspond to the parts of her own body that have been damaged. The idol is returned. Maria's haunting abruptly ceases.

A terrific story, no? *Poltergeist* has scores and scores of them. And almost all the tales are corkers. Well, perhaps I shouldn't use the term "tales." This is supposed to be a scientific study and toward that end Mr Wilson provides us with all kinds of theories about the nature of the beast and minute descriptions of their attributes, but the author never lets any of it get in the way of what is, essentially, a collection of ghost stories.

Poltergeists have also been known to bind themselves to a specific area or place. Remember the Steven Spielberg movie dealing with the subject? Well that's kind of what these spirits can do to the poor fool who decides to build on haunted grounds. In our neck of the woods there's a blasted place called the Deen lot. The *Exorcist* was based on the events which occurred there. Local folks didn't cotton to having the house standing, what with all that happened before and all that happened after. They burned it to the ground one summer night, leaving nothing but a weed-choked lot, a bit of the foundation and a heavy wooden gate. Someone pounded four wooden stakes into the corners of the plot and roped it off with heavy twine. I took a close friend up to look at what was left of the house and he thought it would be great idea to step over the demarcation point and investigate the lot . . . Things have never been the same for him. Shortly after returning home, he lost his fortune to the IRS. Then two of his dogs died under mysterious circumstances. Just recently he wrote to tell me that his health was failing. Now he's coming to live with me and the missus. Can't say I'm all fired up about it.

So, I digress; hard not to. Wilson's book is like that. It's filled with so many fascinating, "true" accounts you often forget it's supposed to be a scholarly study.

Returning to the poltergeist, I guess I never did pin down exactly what these damned things are *supposed* to be. Wilson doesn't really either. Most poltergeists appear to be destructive, non-corporeal entities. Disturbance is the operative term. And such disturbances almost always begin with knocking, rapping or scratching inside the walls of a dwelling. Once the spirit grows bored with that—usually after a couple of weeks—he/she/it takes to moving objects around. Often when people aren't looking. Poltergeists don't like to be watched. Things escalate quite quickly once objects begin to be displaced. For some unknown reason, the poltergeist inevitably turns violent. Plates, bottles and heavy furniture suddenly start coming at you from all angles. And just when you think things couldn't get any spookier, the spirits begin to speak. Or attack. When they start to materialize, it's often an indication that the haunting is about to end. However,

the haunts very rarely materialize and so their destructive behavior generally continues for quite some time.

There are exceptions to every rule; nevertheless, poltergeists are invariably drawn to unhappy households. And usually one with a disturbed or perturbed adolescent. Seems pubescents generate more energy than adults or children, and the spirits are attracted to that. They feed off the energy. Although it is highly unusual, a haunt can, when so feeding, decide to take up permanent residence in the teens' (or in even rarer cases, an adult's) body. In this kind of possession, the Catholic Church is of little help. The Holy See says otherwise, but to read *The Devils of Loudon* or *Possessed* is to realize this is so. Well, maybe not, but Wilson makes it seem that way.

But that's the fun (and the horror) in reading the work of this ingenious polymath: watching him take discredited, preposterous subjects and coating them with the patina of respectability, of rationality. Wilson has such a fine mind and he's such a great storyteller; he can literally make you believe almost anything. So for me, and for you, it doesn't matter what he's writing about (it never matters what anyone "writes about"). When you're talking about the supernatural, everything goes out the window and the question becomes: does the paranormal researcher make you feel it is possible? Wilson does and, in the process, has you questioning your own notions of reality. That's always frightening. Frightening and thought-provoking. And this makes *Poltergeist*, no matter what preconceptions you bring to it, worth dipping into.

— Dom Salemi

The Taste Of Ashes

Howard Browne

Dennis McMillan (1957/88)

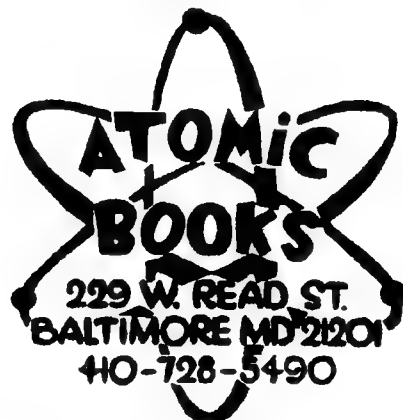
While the renewed interest of both publishers and readers alike in the hardboiled school of writers has been both gratifying and welcome, it has not been without its oversights. Though largely unacknowledged amid the continuing hype surrounding Chandler, Thompson, Woolrich, et al., Howard Browne's Paul Pine detective novels are some of the most memorable mysteries written during the so-called "Golden Age" of detective fiction and *Taste*, by the author's own admission, is his finest. While the plot involving a missing person, some compromising photos of a restless rich girl, and the gradual unveiling of small town corruption and graft ("the fix - always the fix") is only mildly compelling, Browne's descriptive passages and his evocative similes never disappoint. Along the way, Pine turns-up clues that are "colder than cafeteria gravy," is hired by a woman he describes as "velvet and steel and good red meat," and finally retreats home "tired enough to agree with a Republican." Browne's protagonist is a cynical lone-wolf type living in

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a sleazy apartment containing "nothing except a few books and a bottle or two on the pantry shelf and a small but select list of phone numbers for ready reference when the glands start acting-up." Pine also holds a pointed disdain for the rich and powerful, but is realistic enough to know there is little he can do about it. There is also a constant struggle with the bottle. Like the best writers in the "hardboiled" school (particularly David Goodis), Browne succeeds in rendering a personal view of a world which is dark, foreboding, and decidedly bleak. Oh yes, there's also healthy portions of steamy sex and raw brutality. Other titles in the Paul Pine series, such as *Halo in Brass*, *Halo for Satan*, and *Halo in Blood*, were initially published under Browne's nom du plume Steve Evans and are still available. The novels were also republished domestically under Browne's name by both Dennis McMillan and England's No Exit Press in the late eighties.

— Rex Doane

Rotten - No Irish - No Blacks - No Dogs

John Lydon

St. Martin's Press (1994)

The recent announcement of the imminent release of a Who box set appears to have been greeted with contemptuous laughter by most discerning music fans. Which is as it should be. Still, have you ever wondered why passionate students of rock and roll find The Who - the band with whom the Sex Pistols were so often compared during their short lifespan—so risible? True, the Peter Townsend songbook is full of catchy songs, songs graced with lyrics which are often quite arresting and intelligent. But that isn't enough somehow. Let's think, fix our eyes on the goldilocked muscle man singing those penetrating lyrics. Ah! Now we come to the gist of the problem: Roger Doltry, I mean Daltrey, a pompous, preening poseur if ever there was one. Yes, the problem is Roger Daltrey. And there's no reason to be surprised; as The Stones once acerbically observed, "It's the singer, not the song." Peter Townsend should have sung his songs, but instead he chose to let the lunkheaded Daltrey prance through them and sink The Who from the get-go.

Most professional rock critics worship The Who. These nabobs would also like you to believe Malcolm McLaren to have been the brains behind The Sex Pistols and Glen Matlock the *miglio fabro* of their sound. That's nonsense of course. Try to imagine the band without Rotten's assaultive, bleating vocalizing. Rotten nee Lydon couldn't, so he wrote this provocative and cleverly constructed autobiography.

I'm writing this book because so much rubbish has been written about us that it might be interesting for someone to get the correct perspective on it and see it for what it really

was, rather than what the fantasists of this world would have you believe. There's so much exaggeration and intellectualizing going on about what was basically real human beings trying to come to grips with each other and somehow or another actually writing songs that mean something.

Whether or not Rotten is telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is beside the point; the book feels and reads like the "truth." That's the point. Lydon's construct lacks pretension, self-aggrandizement and mythologizing. Perhaps most importantly, the author, recognizing the essentially subjective nature of memory as well as its fallibility, has allowed members of the band, luminaries like Chrissie Hynde, journalists such as Caroline Coon, and fans, friends and family members to freely contradict him and to put different spins on his story at many critical junctures. Can you get at, or closer to, the "truth" than that?

Some of the assertions possessing more than an air of believability:

Malcolm McLaren had little to do with the band's success but a whole helluva lot to do with the band's failure. Moreover, the man often credited with the birth of punk - which Lydon labels an absurdity—didn't even coin the term; Caroline Coon did. The punk fashions McLaren is so often lauded for? Ripped off from Johnny and his co-terrie and possibly, Richard Hell.

And speaking of Richard Hell, he had about as much influence on The Pistols as you or I did. Rotten and most of his circle, whom he feels should be given credit for the concept of mixing tramp fashion with bondage gear, were totally unfamiliar with both Hell's work and his look.

Bassist Glen Matlock wrote a number of the early songs, but Rotten and the rest of the band roughed them up. And if Glen had written any lyrics to go with the number, Johnny always rewrote them. A few of the pieces were the result of direct collaborations between Rotten and Matlock. Rotten: "I never got on with Glen, but we'd somehow work together all right . . . I think it was the animosities between us that made the songs what they were."

Matlock was fired for liking The Beatles. Also for running everything through his mom, wanting to turn The Pistols into a pop group and for refusing to play - he would stand off to the side - during "God Save The Queen," or "Anarchy In The UK."

Russ Meyer was fired because Rotten refused to participate in a movie which had little to do with punk but much to do with tits and ass. Or in other words, like most of Meyer's later work, nothing. "A dirty old man," Johnny calls him, "an overbearing, senile old git . . . I hate his films."

Greil Marcus and Jon Savage to the contrary, the Situationists and their philosophy had nothing to do with The Pistols. "Situationism had nothing to do with us," claims Steve Cook. Rotten wittily adds his amen to that, "Plus they were French, so fuck them."

Johnny didn't break up the band after the final show in San Francisco, Malcolm McLaren and the rest of The Pistols did. Paul Cook: "To give John his due, he tried to hold it together. He told us we were stupid and we should get rid of Malcolm and carry on. Steve and I told him we didn't think that was the answer [flying down to Rio to work with the moronic Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs was]. In the end, John turned out to be right."

Rotten may have fobbed the loathsome Nancy Spungen off on Sid but Johnny always regretted having done so. Afterwards, he consistently attempted to break-up the pathetic pair. And he only turned his back on Sid after Nancy made it impossible to even talk to Vicious. In fact, Johnny wanted Sid to work with him in what later became PIL but Nancy simply refused to let it happen. Even so, here's what Rotten has to say about the whole affair: "I could have helped Sid more. If only I hadn't been lazy and washed my hands of him like Pontius Pilate. That's something I'll have to carry to my grave with me. I don't know what I could have done, but I know I should have done something. There are always ways. You must never be lazy when it comes to your friends." That doesn't sound like someone who turned his back on a pal. It sounds like someone who was pushed away. And from almost all accounts, Sid, through Nancy, did just that.

As is the case with most innovative and creative personalities, Lydon the writer/artist takes a lot of chances with his autobiography. He writes in the Cockney vernacular (the spelling has been cleaned up), and allows his contributors to do so as well. Charges will be leveled at Lydon claiming he's deliberately adopting an anti-literary style in order to appear even more literate. I say, "Bravo." It's always wonderful hearing the sound of an authentic voice; especially when it has something fresh and original to say.

Lydon also intercuts his narrative with passages, sometimes whole chapters "written" by non-professionals like his father. Quite risky, but it works thanks to judicious editing and the non-writers' interest in both the author and punk music in general. And because so much of this is used to counterpoint or flesh out Lydon's recollections, it keeps things moving as well as lending a nice touch of verisimilitude to the proceedings. Moreover, you get the feeling too, from much of the "unprofessional" prose that the opportunity to give free reign to thought was a liberating experience. Liberation usually breeds honesty.

The most pointed and justifiable criticism which is likely to be leveled at Rotten is its absence of testimony or refutation from Lydon's harshest critics, i.e., Malcolm McLaren, Nick Kent, Jon Savage, Vivienne Westwood and Glen Matlock. Certainly, it can be argued that the

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mentioned have had their chance to spout off elsewhere, often at great length (Savage with his revisionist Pistol and punk history *England's Dreaming* and Matlock with his own rather dull autobio). No matter, it would have been nice to hear this damned group's side of things, especially in response to some of the more heinous charges leveled at them, e. g., Kent's maliciousness, "Malcolm. Just. Didn't. Get. It.," Matlock almost destroying the group because of his pop tendencies, etc. Yet in fairness to Rotten, it must be said that filmmaker Julien Temple and former bandmates Jones and Cook, hardly Rotten/Lydon's biggest fans, appear to have been given free rein and what they have to say is not always complimentary.

Does any of this matter? And why am I writing so much about this book? You know why. Don't pretend you don't. The Pistols were one of the greatest bands ever and were a social, cultural and political phenomenon as well. If you care anything about rock and roll and/or popular culture, you'll want to read this beautifully constructed history.

— Dom Salemi

I'm the Pope, man

Looks Like A good CROWD Today, your HOLINESS!

I'm da Pope...
I'm da Pope

KNOCK 'em DEAD, J.P.!

GOOD 'MORNIN' DENVER!
I GOTTA TELL YA WHAT A THRILL IT IS TO SEE SO MANY YOUNG FACES OUT DERE...

MY ADVICE TO YOU
KEEP READIN' DAT GOOD BOOK AN' BREED, BABY-- BREED!



JESUS, MARY AN' JOSEPH! AREN'T Dese LADIES SOMETHIN' SPECTAL? PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER, MY FLOCK, FOR Dese SISTERS FROM de ORDER OF de IMMACULATE PASTIES!

...THE WOODS ARE LONELY DARK AND DEEP... AND I HAVE MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP... HOW ABOUT A GAME OF SOLITAIRE?

DO YOUR WORST, TURKISH DOG... I GOTS De MAGIC Pope POWERS... BULLETS NO HARM ME!

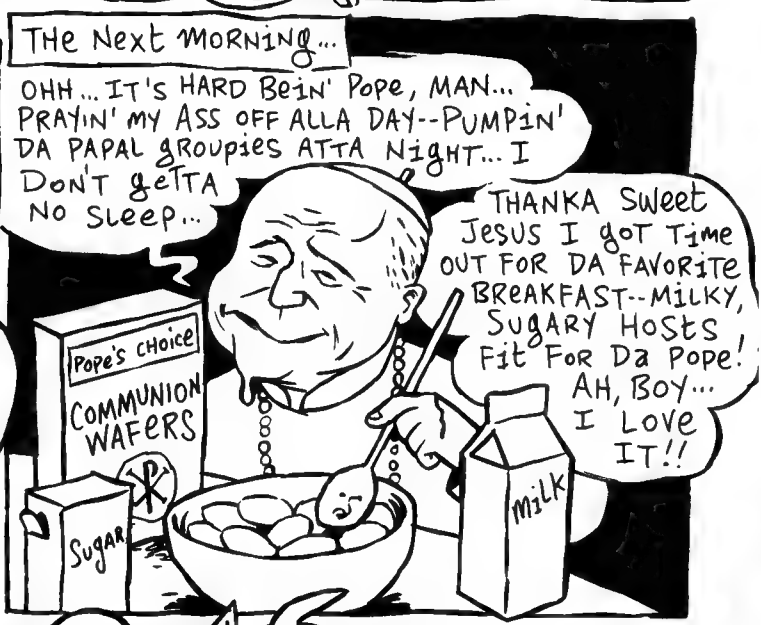


EH PADRONE--I WANNA go TO THE BEAUTIFUL CASINO IN the SKY, Too!!

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Danny Hellman · August 1993



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Steve Jeffries (sj) — Brian Johnson (bj)



Aaron Lee (al) — Craig Regala (cr) — Jim Schoene (js)

Dom Salemi (ds) — Alan Wright (aw)

The Affected

A Fate Worse Than A Fate Worse Than Death — From the hinterlands of Australia comes a twenty-year old weaned on AC/DC, Kiss and The Replacements singing about the three most important things a guy his age can sing about: girls, girls and girls. Singing with these incredible bratty, snarling pipes: a meld of Robert Plant, Angus Young and Paul Westerberg. With cords like this you know Scott—that's his name—had little choice but to give himself body and soul to rock and roll, which he does. These compositions, an adroit mixture of hard pop and harder rock, have so much passion, compassion and melodic inventiveness that Mr. Affected could probably retire after this release and still garner a cult following. The bristly, edgy guitar playing ain't half bad neither. (Frontier) ds

Alcoholic Anonymous

Dixie Fried — This combo features members of AntiSeen and Rancid Vat playing a hilarious, hooch-inspired hillbilly hardcore. No originals, but five besotted covers featuring punk guitar, ossified vocals, stewed mandolin, scrub board and sax! And I totally dig (and I'm sure you will too) their pickled interpretation of "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee." Definitely not for alcoholics only. (Tear It Up/Brilliancy Prize) aw

Autopsy

Severed Survival/Retribution For The Dead — Maybe it's the bourbon & coffees I've been drinking all afternoon but I doubt it. Ya see, I get plenty of death and speed metal stuff in the mail but I send it all to Brian Johnson who loves this sick, discordant caterwauling. I'm keeping this one. They call it gorecore but it's just speedy heavy metal with that now classic Shub Niggurath vocalizing. Well not "just," it's

more like an aural equivalent of those classic EC comics. And it's chock full of "compositions" about being burned alive or being embalmed or disemboweling some huffy bitch, etc. With these monstrously heavy licks. So heavy it has me shuckin' the coffee and drinking the Beam straight from the plastic travelers' bottle. What I like about this double package of two earlier Autopsy releases though, is the way it captures the feel of the combo's preoccupation with decomposition, mutilation and graphic horror. In a funny way of course. Right guys? Right? I mean, you're not serious about all this are you? (Futurist, 6 Greene St., 2nd Floor, NY, NY 10013) ds

Mickey Baker

Rock with a Sock — Bear Family reissue producer Richard Weize is a complex and puzzling man. What can you say about an individual who simultaneously releases crap like a Connie Francis box set (six CDs, no less) alongside definitive collections of some of the best (and occasionally obscure) vintage American blues, R 'n' B, rockabilly, and country music ever committed to wax? Mickey Baker's career has taken many unpredictable turns as well. While Baker's urgent, biting guitar is unequaled, he spent much of his time as half of the usually lame Mickey & Sylvia pop duo, and later with the always lame Mickey and Kitty. In between were session dates with RCA/Vik's Joe Clay (also reissued on Bear Family) which produced some of the best rockabilly ever, consistently torrid solos with Sammy Price's R 'n' B combo on Savoy, and a handful of R 'n' B releases under Baker's own name. That's what we've got here—solo stuff from '52 to '56 on Savoy, Grove, and Rainbow plus a hearty dose of unissued material. The good news for Baker fans is that nearly half of the CD features unfettered guitar genius unavailable elsewhere. In addition, the five forgettable Mickey & Sylvia tracks are stuck at the

end of the twenty-eight cut disc so discerning listeners can pull the plug early without risk of missing anything of merit. The uninitiated should start with Baker's Atlantic solo LP aptly titled *The Wildest Guitar*, recently reissued in Canada as part of the Atlantic Roots series. The pronounced echo and reverb on the album provide the listener with a greater understanding of the profundity and importance of space guitar. (Bear Family) rd

Beastie Boys

III Communication — For those of you, like myself, who only know the Boys from "Cookie Puss," "She's On It," and "Fight For Your Right," this thing is gonna blow your motherfucking doors off. Sure you've got rappin' over a hot bass line and simple hard beats as with "Do It" (sometimes it's that more modern hip hoppin' kind of swing), but even when the framework of a song is nothing more than that, the guys use the bridges between their inventive testifying for some fancy experimentation. Often, as with "Freak Freak," a piece will begin sparsely and effloresce as the trio pile on wild noise, vocal samples and loops of guitar sound. "Bodhisattva Vow" utilizes Tibetan chanting, African polyrhythms and a distorting of the vocals to flesh out the message. Rubbing elbows with all of this are two adrenaline blasts of hardcore, some funky, some freaky instrumentals, and "Eugene's Lament" which takes a moody rhythm track and overlays some disquieting Middle Eastern string noodling. Twenty tracks and not a loser in the bunch. Get on this! (Capitol) ds

Bedhead

What A Fun Life It Was — Well, if you're going to fixate on something, you could do a lot worse than the Velvet Underground's third LP or *VU Live 69*. Many bands have—Galaxie 500, Feelies—but failed to produce anything as memorable. (Now don't go screaming at me, I didn't say they failed to produce something interesting or worthwhile. They did. Just nothing as memorable.) This Texas one-man band, however, has, and in the process makes the aforementioned bands look like mere epigones. The dreamy, languorous numbers are so suffused with melancholy, it's enough to make you weep. The three chord vamps are epiphanic, haunting and propulsive, starting out slowly, often with a single guitar holding both the rhythm and the melody, then getting almost imperceptibly faster and louder. Chaos threatens with the emergence of a lead guitar trying to make its haunting figures perceptible above the din created by the now clearly intoxicated drummer, and amp noise pushed to an almost overwhelming volume. The tension, created as we listen and wonder whether the center, anchored by the rhythm, will hold, is heady, unbearable, intoxicating. But it is always thus with the sublime. (Trance Syndicate) ds

Blood From The Soul

To Spite The Gland That Breeds — Misanthropic lyrics, punishing riffs, acidulous barked vocals: if you can make it past the unrelenting cynicism that pervades this *Gland*, you'll discover a killer speed metal/grindcore band. Actually the "band" is, in reality, Napalm Death bass player Shane Embury. Embury spent the last two years adding rhythm tracks to a number of compositions deemed unsuitable for fellow Napalmers. When Shane had the rough outline of

the songs completed he sent for leather-lunged Sick Of It All vocalist Lou Koller to handle the singing chores and the result is this unrelentingly harsh offering. At first blush, a lot of this—except for the Godflesh-inspired "Nature's Hole" and the Earth-like slow sludge title track—sounds like typical speed metal. But after a couple of spins, Embury's arrangements and his assured but mind-numbingly heavy guitar work make it painfully obvious this ain't the case. Koller's monochromatic bellowing is a surly and, almost needless to say, effective complement. (Earache) ds

Blowhole

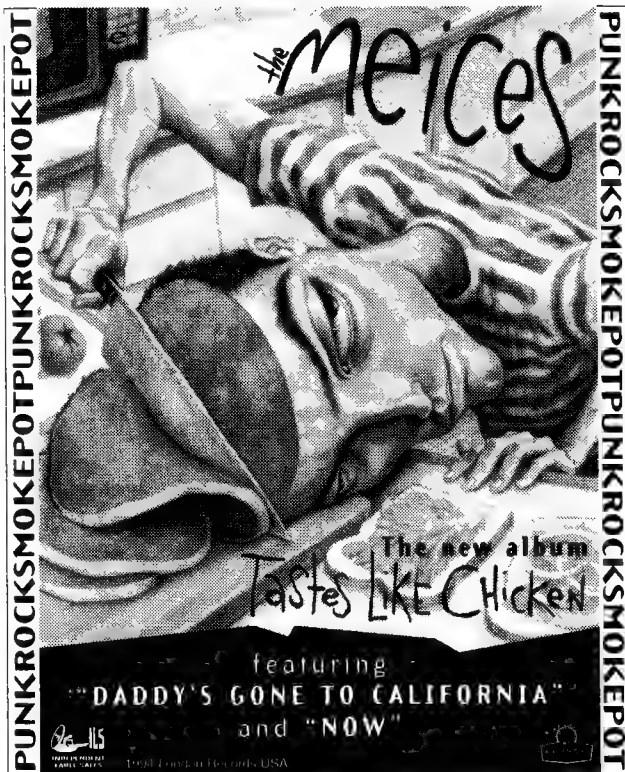
A Low Extreme — This is a must-have for fans of out-there, guerilla jazz/noise. Two pieces of black vinyl filled with solo pieces, constructs and group improvs. The constructs are live and studio performances made with a four track: improvisations on guitar, bass, fake bass, concussion, roto-trumpet, excited snare drum, bells, and tenor sax, recorded then layered, edited and mixed to make some of the best fucked sounds ever. I can't say enough. I dig the shit out of Blowhole. And the release also features one of the finest gatefold covers I've ever seen. (Zabriskie Point, Box 3006, Colorado Springs, CO 80934-3006) kb

Boredoms/Ruins

Wow 2/Graviyaunosch — As you may have read in *Maximum Rock and Roll's* Japanese scene report, Ruins' yin is firmly connected with Boredom's yang. Boredoms have found fame and fortune with their gut-blast improvisations, while Ruins' intricate compositions languish in relative obscurity. Boredoms come on like high yellow Earth Wind & Fire, overloading roundeye sensibilities with trumpets and multiple drummers and funny costumes. Ruins are a bassist and a drummer and they both wear glasses. *Wow 2* is live Boredoms and it's heavy, brutal, exploding and falling back in place over and over again. Ruins' live tracks on *Graviyaunosch* are exploratory, determined and propulsive. Both combos are just as exciting in the studio cause they know when to hit "record" and "stop" and live for the moments in between (U.S. "noise bands" take note: Boredoms' motto is "Life is OK," and they're not even being ironic!). I really wouldn't even compare Ruins and Boredoms if they weren't both . . . well, you know . . . so gosh darn cute. (Avant/Nipp Guitar) al

Edgar Broughton Band

Edgar Broughton Band/In Side Out — The Edgar Broughton Band was a semi-obscure Seventies British group that, at it's best, folded ass-kicking guitar riffs and surrealistic lyrics into a folk-rock batter. The result was usually highly rewarding: their emphasis on the riff enabled them to avoid the dopey navel-gazing of so many of their contemporaries (Gong, Egg, etc.). *EBB* is the best of this two-fer: it has the liveliest songs, including absolute classics like "Evening Over Rooftops" (a hit in Europe), "The Birth," and my favorite, the Beefheart-esque "House of Turnabout." It has the coolest cover, too: a picture of a naked man hanging on a meat hook next to sides of beef. (Is the meat thing some kind of metaphor for the human condition?) *In Side Out* is more serious, with far too many folksy, political anthems like "Sister Angela" (Davis) for my taste. Still, there's priceless stuff here, too, like "Gone Blue," which combines love and violence in a really original way, and "It's Not You," which



sounds a little like the MC5 with a better vocalist. These guys are ripe for rediscovery. Get your copy now before the tribute CD comes out. (BGO Records) db

Johnny Cash

American Recordings — The "Man in Black" is back, and fans should rejoice! I mean, when was the last time we heard Cash sing songs that mean something to him? And in such a stark setting. Just a guitar and his smoky, at times fragile, voice, performing songs that obviously have touched him. Some are originals, some older semi-standards; there's even a Glenn Danzig-penned tune, "Thirteen," written especially for this album. His guitar playing is simple and effective, matching the generally somber tone of the material. To hear Cash do Kristofferson's "Why Me Lord" is worth a hundred "Will The Circle Be Unbroken"s. For my money, you can keep that Highwaymen stuff; that was product. Get this and listen to him breathe fresh air into Leonard Cohen's "Bird on a Wire." There's also a couple tunes recorded at a signing party at Johnny Depp's Viper Room including "Tennessee Stud." How often do guys like Cash turn to good contemporary songs? Not often enough. Here he covers both Tom Waits and Loudon Wainwright. Like I said, true fans should be thrilled, and new ones will get some powerful emotional music by a true legend. (American Records) js

Catalepsy

Fruitcakes We Have Known — Another metal-punk mish-mash a'la Ugly Kid Joe. This time a thrash-trash trio employing just enough slop (and slap-stick) to satisfy without slipping or slumming into plain old goofiness, plus a mean

amount of inventive and complicated riffage to keep things interesting. The three-piece format works well—members are too busy with their respective instruments to fuck around showing off. In sum, a bombastic, buzzing, slow burn from Brussels, Europe, where like all good peoples, the musicians would rather be pissed off than pissed on. (Restless) bj

John Coltrane

Live In Japan — As I wandered outside in the North Carolina sun, I was pleased by the nipple-stiffening chill and promise of heat. Gearing up for my weekly shower, I decided to jump right to it, fueled by memories of Mr. John Coltrane's *Live In Japan*. Oh Jesus! That's right! Bastards! Is this what it's like to grow old and dazed? One of my shit weasel friends took one—one!—CD from the set. I could still listen to the other three forever. And yet. And yet. The lack of respect shown by the thief, the mean-spiritedness of the heinous act.

I suppose I could buy a new set but it's not cheap. Most four disc sets with thick booklets seldom are. And I doubt it'll turn up in the used bins again. Maybe I can borrow the Pope of Ohio's copy. [fat fuckin' chance—ed] Or bug the library to buy it. Tell 'em it's an indispensable artifact, cheap per minute, hardly ever available stateside, and most likely going out of print.

Just get a copy now! Why? Because you need this: minutes and minutes of open-ended improvs from chopsters Coltrane, Coltrane, Sanders, Garrison and Ali played for thousands of Japanese twenty some years after we altered their gene pool via enforced radiation therapy. So even *Mystery Science Theatre 3000* types are gonna groove to this. The rest of you don't have to worry. Here's all you have to know: "My Favorite Things" clocks in at 57:19. (GRP) cr

Comecon

Converging Conspiracies — Extremely weighty, both in sonic attack and lyrical content, this Swedish death-metal speaker-smasher is a potent blend of violent riffing and expressive vocalizing. *Keeping* a vocalist in their stable may pose a problem for the band however. For their debut, *Megatrends in Brutality*, they "borrowed" Entombed's throat L. G. Petrov. Current larynx-twister Martin Van Drunen (ex-Asphyx) is leaving to pursue other projects after this record. Regardless, with all of its lightning-fast passages, enterprising structures, and abrasive tones, Comecon prove that the cream-of-the-crop in any genre must do much more than irritate one's elders; it must embrace its given realm, destroy the weak, and leave behind only the rotting shells of former comrades. (Century Media) bj

The Cynics

Learn To Lose — Well, it's been three years since the great *Rock And Roll* LP and The Cynics have changed. This release is so schizophrenic it's hard to describe. Let's start with the good: "Never Again," the lead off track, is about as good as yer gonna get. Raunchy, great hooks and cool lyrics. Similarly, "Haunted" on side two harkens back to the folk-rock days of the *12 Flights Up* LP. "Right Here With You" (released last year on a seven inch with this recordings' title track as the flip) is a fuzz-monster which shows the band still hanging onto their 60's garage roots. The

cover of the Troggs' "I Want You" is neat, even though they break into Alice Cooper's "18" at the end. "I Want It All," previously released on a Screaming Apple seven inch is re-recorded for this and, while it's a great song, The Cynical version isn't quite as hard-hitting. On the down side, a few of the cuts lean too much towards cheesy 70's rock for my tastes, particularly "Someone Like Me" and the title track, avec corny cowbell. The version of The Lollipop Shoppe's "You Must Be A Witch" just doesn't cut it either, I'm afraid. It's rather lethargic. Still, *Learn To Lose* is pretty decent; I don't have a problem with The Cynics moving away from their "retro" sound; I just think they'd be better served if they were moving toward punk rather than hard rock. (Get Hip) aw

Diamondhead

Lightning to the Nations — Metal Blade has done a real service in reissuing this, the greatest album to come out of the NWOBHM. Released in 1980, this broke the speed metal ground that other, more famous bands would tread. Here, punk riffs are married to the ornate arrangements of early Seventies metal, creating heavy, tightly-structured songs that influenced a whole generation of rockers (Lars Ulrich, Dave Mustaine, etc.). Too often, "classic" speed metal is cold, unappealing, a grim showcase of technical wizardry more than actual music. That's not the case here: Hell, this stuff actually SWINGS, believe it or not, and that's mainly due to the band's first-rate rhythm section (Colin Kimberley and Duncan Scott). *Lightning to the Nations* is a true classic, folks; no home should be without one. (Metal Blade Classics) db

Fireman

Strawberries Oceans Ships Forests — Trippy, trendy yet never tedious, the music of this male duo who dare not speak their names (two fabulously successful British solo acts the press bio informs us) draws its inspiration from the currently fashionable ambient house scene, e. g., Orbital, Orb, Psychic Warriors of Gaia. The nine medium tempo songs on *SOSF* are not too terribly complex nor do they lend themselves to dancing but they're catchy as hell. You know the blueprint: take an infectious rhythm track, add pinches of insidiously ingratiating guitar and/or synthesizer textures, mix in eldritch and exotic sounds, and toss in distorted voices and eerie yelps. Then decorate with tangential passages (bridges or breaks in musical terms) spiraling off into the void for no discernable purpose but always to great effect. Question: If this release breaks as big here as it did in the UK, are we going to get to find out who was responsible for this? Second Question: Why was Beatles' info included with the press kit? Does this mean Klaatu was in some way involved? (Capitol) ds

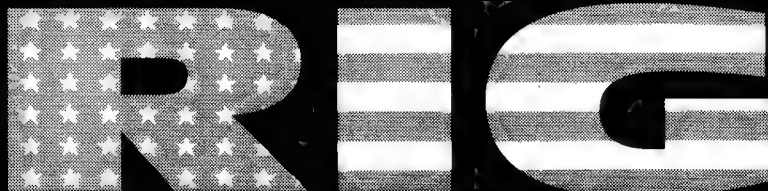
Hair & Skin Trading Company


Over Valence — Musically *Over Valence* rolls along on a groove (post-mechanical organic, the non-funky) unbroken by hook, punctuated

by noise and guitar. Contained within are thirteen fully titled songs steeped in early Ubu, Can, Faust, rhythmic drone, some swirly 80s noise rock, drilling, a bit of noirish note plucking, a dollop of barking and pretty singsongness. English boys are not ashamed of using.

My bill of particulars: about half of this sounds three tracks short of a load—the personality part glopped onto the bottom isn't there. I don't have to get real, real gone all the time. I do want the music to do a job on my head or drool gland or whatever. I have heard people call this trancy or druggy, meaning I'm not the proper kind of person most likely to dig this.

When the combo does hit it—"F.D.M.," "Machine Gun," and four or five more—it's generally the result of declamatory singing or musical push. Somehow, two paragraphs ago, I was going to mention the Electric Prunes' progressivisms. I don't own any of their stuff so I can't really make comparisons, but I know the spirit's there. Yeah, kinda weak—a dim pulse from the past 'n' all. Kindred souls etc. At least it's not the normal shoe-gazer, stoned waif, "textural" My Bloody Valentine shitty 60s, 70s pop with feedback. Boy, they'd need a helluva video to get in rotation on *120 Minutes*. If they could do it with "Lockups," 1:40 of popish *Metal Machine Music*, I'd like TV much more. (Beggars' Banquet) cr





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SWINGIN' SINGLES

Steve Jeffries and Dom Salemi

Because the response to last issue's contest was rather underwhelming and because the few intrepid souls who submitted entries failed miserably, we decided it best to make this installment as difficult as we could. A lot of our choices this time around have been taken from out-of-print volumes or from the work of poets who are university darlings—Marianne Moore, Frank O'Hara, Theodore Roethke—but relatively unread outside the halls of academe. In the interests of fair play we will give *anyone* scoring 80% or better a free one year subscription to our entertaining and highly enlightening magazine. Good luck, suckers!

The Reprobates—Hate You!

*Hate is only one of many responses
true, punk and hate go hand in hand
but why be afraid of hate, it is only punk*

*think of The Damned, they wuz really awesome
and perfect
don't be shy of The Dolls, either
they wuz really cleansing
and direct
like a pleasingly moist fart*

Tad—Pale Corkscrew

*Women said: He is homely
flailing . . . floundering . . . fat*

*The name of iron man will forever stand
It takes a long time to forget iron man*

Steamroller—Horsepower 2000

*The illustration
is nothing to you without the application.
You lack half a wit. You crush all the particles
down into close conformity, and then walk back
and forth on them*

*Sparkling chips of rock
are crushed down to the level of the parent block.
As subtle as
my massive angry cock*

Captain Howdy—The Best Song Ever Written/Dino's Head

*His hair long and plausible
His butt-plug firmly shoved
Masturbating Penn sans Teller
He just wants to be loved*

The Halfbreeds—Alien/Daddy's Home/I Want You

*You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your polyester shirt.*

Jack O' Fire

The Destruction of Squaresville — Impassioned and unaccommodating, the music of Jack O' Fire takes its inspiration from the tempestuous, primitive stylings of bluesmen like Howlin' Wolf and Blind Willie McTell. Yet the fifteen marvelous interpretations on *Destruction*, the combo's first full-length release are anything but derivative: the lead singer sounds like the world's most besotted black man, the harp playing is hellish and unnerving, the guitar work intentionally swampy and amateurish, the rhythm section barely on the beat. In other words, no one is ever going to confuse these guys with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. Then again, the Bluesbreakers would never have had the balls to attempt down home covers of Joy Division or Sonics' songs. And on their best day, I seriously doubt The Bluesbreakers ever sounded *this* good. (Estrus) ds

Killdozer

Uncompromising War on Art Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat — Drunk and ornery as all get out, these Midwest killers ain't dozin' with their dirge; they're twisting and wringing all melody from their songs, leaving only drone and down and dirty bellowing. These psychotic hill-roads certainly make a lot of racket for a three-piece, spouting off about turkey shoots, peach pies and Earl Scheib, subjects which would no doubt cause the typical grunge fan to recoil in horror. Slow, churning, junky noise combined with nothing you could honestly say closely resembles "singing" results in one of the funniest, heaviest and most entertaining examples of "scum-rock" to date. With the wise addition of "Hot and Nasty" (a cover by one of, if not the best, scum rock bands in history, Black Oak Arkansas), Wisconsin will now be known for much more than drag racing, dairy products and Ed Gein. (Touch & Go) bj

KMFDM

Angst — In an audacious bid to leap into heavy rotation on the CMJ playlist, KMFDM, once one of the heaviest of industrial dance bands, has lightened their sound and disencumbered themselves of the disturbing textures which made their recordings such a dire delight (even their last one *Money*, which may have been lighter, at least had memorable songs . . . and you could dance to it). While I'm sure this strategy will win these kanny Krauts the allegiance of thousands of MTV Alternative Nation watchers, it's just as likely to disgust those who were already fans. They can call it "Angst," "Schaddenfreude," "The Bitter Tears of Petra van Kant" or whatever the fuck they want; KMFDM simply cannot disguise the fact that they've sold out. Not with this amicable dreck: insensate compositions consisting of feckless computerized beats, trifling melodic loops, a girly backing chorus here and there, and those "menacing," Germanic feral growls which are reduced to a caricature within this childish rigamarole. "Glory" is the sole reminder of the band's semi-glorious past. (Wax Trax) ds

Lee Harvey Oswald Band

A Taste Of Prison — God damn, I just love reading the press release kits with their snippets of reviews from hip rock publications. You look at enough of this stuff and it starts to hit ya: not only are most of these "journalists"

barely literate, but they're also well under thirty. Thus this seventies-style punk band gets compared to everyone but the one guy who obviously exerted the most influence on 'em: David Bowie circa the period he was running around wearing the dress. Which was a good period, so I think you'll enjoy the fuck out of this thing, specially since it's mostly relentless guitar drone-drive and the alluringly butch vocals of the girly, erotowearing Zowie (get it?) Fenderblast buried in the middle of the mix. I'll give it a sixty-nine, I mean ninety-six. (Touch & Go) ds

Makers

Howl — Estrus' Records continues their three year winning streak with the release of this Bonneville-driving, "snot-nosed," Wisconsin punk group's initial effort. Well, it's not really their initial effort, but these Beatle boot-shod youngsters would rather you forget about their mid-seventies double-lp rock opera, chronicling the rise and fall of Fatty Arbuckle (featuring the fab snarling apologia pro vita sua "That's Not My Penis That's a Whiskey Bottle, Bitch"). The Makers aren't trying to break new ground here but *Howl's* got that choppy chording, those adenoidal vocals, that moronic energy that je ne sais wha? that spells out, big as life: B O S S. (Estrus) ds

Meathook Seed

Embedded — Don't ask us why we never bother to talk about the lyrics. Especially those written by death, speed or industrial metal bands. Just take it from us, most of them are really pissed off about being fucked up. Usually they blame society. Sometimes they blame their parents. Very rarely do they blame themselves. Very rarely do they make good or interesting music. That's because they're more interested in ranting and annoying than entertaining. Meathook Seed is an exception; they combine the misanthropy of speed metal with the crowd-pleasing antics of third generation heavy metal outfits, i.e., White Zombie. Of course, most people don't know what White Zombie sounds like, so I guess I'm kind of copping out. Sorry. Think thick hostile riffs, fairly speedy tempos, and distorted vocals. Doesn't help much does it? That's not my fault. There's a fine line between originality and banality in this speedy-metal genre. Damn if I can draw it for ya, but the Seeds are so far from walking the line, I doubt if they can even see it from where they're playing. (Earache) ds

The Meices

Tastes Like Chicken — Nice and noisy, *just the way I like 'em*. Full of snotty attitude, catchy hooks, careening guitars and vocals screaming "YEAHHH!" in true celebration of . . . well, nothing at all really. But that's the best time to celebrate. A three-piece too, *just the way I like 'em*. No time to noodle or jack around on your instrument, you see. Just nail it and wail it. If there's a bum cut on this recording, it'd take a lot of searching to find it, and by the way, all of the tracks would be hopelessly negated to sing-along-in-your-head-all-day status anyway, so why bother to pick nits? Although the band has garnered quite a reputation as fuck-ups, hellraisers and keep-away-from-your-sisters-daughters-and-girlfriend types, I'm sure my girls wouldn't have a problem with them at all; they're tough,

*Your empurpled, procained penis
Like Isaac's on Love Boat
Prickling the mound of venus
Adorning my sixteen-year-old moat.*

Butt Trumpet—I Left My Flannel In Seattle/Pink Gun

*By what sends
the white kids
Butt Trumpet ain't sent;
You know they cain't
be Sub Pop exponents.*

*What don't bug
them white kids
sure bugs me:
We know everybody
cain't be Geddy Lee.*

Thee Headcoats—When You Stop Lovin' Me/Papa Doc

*Terence, this is stupid stuff:
You play your Link Wray sloppily enough
And there can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
since you write all your originals
blown on Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.*

Crush Nova - Ice Cream Cone/(I Love You) Moon Pie

*Call the roller of big fuzz,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent wah-wah.
And spread it so as to cover everything.
Let be be finale of the hazy scene
Crush Nova is the emperor of ice cream.*

The Jesus Lizard—(Fly) on (The Wall)/White Hole

*Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
Of tan with henna hackles, halt!

Damned universal cock, as if the sun
Was blackamoor to bear your blazing tail.

Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! I am the personal.
Your world is you. And you suck!*

The Smears—Kicked My Butt EP

*Because I once beat you up
Drunk, and cuz, you sucked
And saw you no more
And you had only bratty rock talk for me
I beat your ass up again.*

Buck-o-Nine E.P.

*Teach me half the Specialness
Selecter thy brain must know
Such harmonies as Madness
From Jello Biafra's lips
Would most envious ska flow
The world would listen then as we listen now.
To Bad Manners.*

Bedhead—Best Of The Day/I'm Not Here

Lovely, lovely, lovely songs soft as calfskin leather

Whiplash VU in the dark

Comes in stealthy metal machined chords,

Don't forsake them

Strike-up Black Angels' Death Song

And cure their heart

Eddy and the Back Nine—Improving Our Lie E.P.

Aping Richard Hell in spurts

oh no, both sound and verse

usually it comes out worse

but lo, here it works

The Calabros—Problems & Others EP

It is time for the idiot

to pose a grin and foot on the dead lion

(the embodiment of the clownless man)—

Time to grow a mustache; suck gin;

and win the hard-to-get lady.

Time to return from the garage

and scrub the Sonic mote from your eyes.

✠ Corso ✠ Hell ✠ Houseman ✠ Hughes ✠

✠ Moore ✠ O'Hara ✠ Plath ✠ Reed ✠

✠ Roethke ✠ Sandburg ✠ Shelly ✠

✠ Snyder ✠ Stevens ✠

loud and cool, just like these jokers. *Just the way I like 'em.* (External/Polydor) bj

The Mortals

Bulletproof — The Chopped & Channeled guy who usually handles this retro-garage stuff has just gotten married and, as anyone who's been unfortunate enough to recently put on the ball and chain knows, there's little time to do anything fun. Too many time-consuming obligations: Sunday dinners with the in-laws, Fridays and Saturdays taken up with visits to *her* friends, Monday thru Thursdays working overtime to pay for the shitty dining room set you let her buy in the expectation that so much guilt would later set in she'd relent and let you hang your boss Mopar parts trademark posters in what was once *your* bedroom. So? So that leaves it up to me to tell you why you should buy this engaging, energetic set of sixties-styled-hard punk. Ok, here tis. The Mortals don't break any new ground but they perform infectious songs which recall a lot of classic nuggets from the muscle car era. They've also got a snotty singer who sounds like a man and *not* a pimply-faced teenager, and the guitar work, both rhythm and lead, has this chugga-chugga quality that hits like a cheap shot to the solar plexus. (Estrus) ds

Mt Ghasta

Put The Creep On — Aside from Hasil Adkins, I can't think of a single thing West Virginia has contributed to the

world. Until I heard these fucking lunatics, a cavalier quartet from "Pruneytown" playing what I have to call—because I don't want to seriously think about it—absurdist art noise rock. Which they don't take very seriously. Which is a good thing since vocalist John Forbes doesn't even bother to sing. He just screams. He's very good at it. He has to be. There's no other way he's going to make himself heard over this discordant, clamorous, deep-rumbling, almost tuneful, noisy thrash. The kind of stuff you'd expect from an Albini-influenced Chitown band. But they're from West Virginia. Supposedly. (Skin Graft, Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625) ds

Muffongun

/// — With production which is at once lush and crisp, female vocals which would jealously agitate Julee Cruise (the cut "End of it All" actually made me dream while still awake), funky bass and jazzed guts weaving seamless stitches into a multi-textured fabric of harmonious resonance, one would (and should) expect big things from this troupe. Only problem is, as with most acts that put all their beans in one basket: lack of an "identifiable sound." Don't misunderstand, experimentation is most welcome, but let's hone this puppy a bit, focus our strengths, toss our weaknesses, exploit our assets, and we'll see and hear a cohesive, effecting and thought-provoking world of difference. As is, the execution is fastidious, but the concept is somewhat muddled in mystery. (Kokopop, 33 34th St, 6th Floor, Brooklyn, NY 11232) bj

Nine Inch Nails

The Downward Spiral — Industrial dancers looking for something as catchy as "Head Like A Hole" on this, Mr. Trent Reznor's second full-length offering, are going to be sorely disappointed. For the most part, Trent slows things down and concentrates on juxtapositions of texture, rhythm, tone and dynamics. Many of the cuts feature acoustic passages and Reznor whispering or crooning before everything collapses in a painful sonic maelstrom. And "collapse" is what this fascinating release is all about. "I Do Not Want This" lays it all out for us, clarifying all that comes before and all that comes after. It's the cry of the outsider, the man who feels so much and so deeply that life has become meaningless and unreal. This is the abyss Nietzsche, Kierkegaard and the existential philosophers talk about. To not come through it is to court madness or catatonia. This is *The Downward Spiral*. A spiral which ends not with a cry but the foreboding whistling of wind over desolate sands. The cry of the hollow man. (Inter-scope) ds

Old

The Musical Dimensions of Sleastak — At a certain point in this unnerving, chaotic and frequently brilliant noise rock cantata, one of the members of Old asks: Who is the freak now? And since it's the third cut and you still haven't punched the reject button on your cd player, you're suddenly hit with the disquieting thought that it might be you. I mean, here's this trio singing about homicidal split personalities and suicidal paranoid schizophrenics and masturbation as an expression of self-hatred in these impossibly distorted voices over a musical backdrop which might best be described as psychedelic (or mean-spirited psychedelia), and you're actually enjoying it. Not to

worry. As long as you don't *empathize*, as long as you don't *feel* that Old's twisted soundscapes have been sucked from your brain, there's nothing wrong with liking these demented dadaesque compositions. But if you still feel a vague unease, just remember. It doesn't matter. Nothing does. For "all must cease [so] why go on what's the point?" Words to live by, Lloyd. Words to live by. (Earache) ds

Orb

Live 93 — One of the most remarkable audacities ever committed to disc, an insidiously lightweight *double* set of meandering nonsense recommended only to those who enjoy getting fist-fucked to Psychic TV records. Or felching to Orbital discs or . . . I hate having to pop off like this, especially when I think of how nice the folks over at Island Records have been to me over the last two years so I hope they realize I'm doing them a favor when I say: HEY! WAKE UP! DETERMINE WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR SIGNING THESE LAQUID LIMEY LIMP-WRISTS AND TERMINATE HIS ASS IMMEDIATELY! WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE! The rest of you, forget about this "ambient house" music—especially since this cretinous combo is supposed to be the best of what must be a very sorry lot—and put on *Meddle* or *Stratosphere* if you want to listen to something spacey to which you can dance or trip lightly. (Island) ds

Paradise Lost

Icon — "Old-school" metal-goth that recalls the glory days of early Sab, Purp, etc. (while ignoring the current speed/thrash concepts currently inundating the genre) and features in-your-face vocals over a dark, churning musical backdrop. Be honest, does anyone really take today's so-called metal "masters" seriously? Jimmy Page? You gotta be kidding. Dio? Don't make me laugh. *Paradise Lost*, on the other fist, pays homage to its mentors without falling into the inescapable traps ensnaring the aforementioned (among many others) dinos. Yes, things get a bit bombastic and overbearing at times, but that's all part of the game. Don't look for "party" tunes; no cars, girls or beer here; these blokes are far too obsessed with death and the darker side of life. The music is heavy, mid-tempo, classic-sounding metal at its best. (Metal Blade) bj

Pavement

Cracked Rain, Crooked Rain — I have always hated Pavement because I fall completely in love with their records at first listen (oh hell, let's be honest and say "at first sight" because I'm usually suckered in by the suave packaging before I even break the shrinkwrap), and I resent the brand of talent, charm and chutzpah that short circuits my "critical standards" (cough, cough). So I see their new release at the mall with its ugly fucking cover and I'm already disappointed. This before I even get a chance to hear: the tired riffs recycled from the *Singles*' soundtrack, the horrid attempts at "jazz" and "country," and the "witty" vocals and lyrics which way overstate the case. I can't help thinking that putting a (tee-hee) "big arena-rock ending" in the middle of your song and then crooning "goodnight to the rock 'n' roll era" is self-serving and annoying because you can't deconstruct pornography successfully without making pornography. However, it took so many listens to come to this (really rather simple) conclusion that all the songs got stuck

Music from 'Beyond...

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in my head, and now I play *Crooked Rain* everyday. Which means Pavement was quite a few steps ahead of me. Which is why I hate Pavement. (Matador) al

Pitch Shifter

Desensitized — This industrial metal combo's last release didn't make much of an impression but *Desensitized* hit me like a drill to the pineal gland. Probably because they decided this time to build each and every song around a single skull rattling riff. Smart strategy. You see, if you have twelve great riffs you end up with twelve great songs instead of six. Songs, not compositions. Which is, most likely, the reason I can't remember anything about Pitch Shifter's previous effort. Man cannot live on catchy rhythmic bits alone. On this thing however, the quartet interject dramatic breaks on several cuts and play around enough with texture, spoken samples and bass rumble to create truly memorable pieces. Some of which ("To Die Is To Gain," "Routine") veer into minimalist and art noise territory. Bold, very bold. (Earache) ds

Prong

Cleansing — After their initial couple of noisy explosions, these boys have settled for making an easily graspable document that the average Helmet, Metallica, Pantera head-banger can enjoy *and* aggravate mom with. Mom, being an old punk rocker, responds with Killing Joke, Big Black and a hummed recitation of Naked Raygun's "Peacemaker." History does the bump, a truce is called, and hard rock bumbles on in fine fettle. Paralleling White Zombie's devel-

opment sonically, here's hoping they march right into Beavis and Butthead land and get big promo posters of the eyeball-on-fork (Prong symbol) distributed throughout the land. In the meantime, could one of you Japs at Sony motor one over here? I'm sure it's too icky for Musicland to post and there's plenty of 'em in the backroom. Sankyuu. (Sony) cr

The Richies

Pet Summer — The Richies' record company doesn't believe we review their albums. We do. We've sent them copies of issues which evaluated their product, usually favorably, and even called their PR department to tell them *what page* a review or reviews appeared on. Then, when they still didn't believe us, we offered to run a *free* ad for them. Now our office has just received a letter implying we're liars and literally demanding that already-promised free ad. It's beginning to dawn on me why these guys chose that silly name for their record company. And because I *promised* to run the fucking advertisement, I will. Oh, and by the way, here's your review: Ramones lite. Less filling, their taste grates. (We Bite) ds

Rockinghams

Roughs — You'd like to encourage any band assaying the bratty punk style of The New York Dolls and early Kiss but sometimes you just can't. Oh, the combo's got the "style" part down alright. It's just missing the heart; the arrangements are far too tasteful, the singing is more affected than effected, and the rhythm section fails to play with the kind



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of wild abandon which fueled so much of the New York glam rock sound. To put it bluntly, these are not the type of boys who get drunk on stage and after the show fall asleep while muff diving on one of their groupies. Still, the band possesses obvious talent and they have a real flair for catchy songs. If they loosen up a bit and take the reins out of their mouth, their next effort might be equal to their aspirations. (Seed) ds

Rollins Band

Weight — With the addition of bassist Melvin Gibbs, the Rollins Band doesn't break new ground so much as redefine the old. You didn't really expect a new direction from Henry and company, did you? If anything they're tighter and rock harder than before. For me, the biggest change is the new-found sense of dynamics in Rollins' vocals. It's not all full-speed ahead, volume-on-ten screaming. Things slow down a bit, and sometimes there's even what one might call singing. Oh hell, who am I kidding? This stuff rocks harder than shit. Chris Haskett is a great guitarist, and you can't overestimate the new influence of bassist Gibbs, fresh from several years with Sonny Sharrock. He lays down a big bottom layer on which everyone else builds. Real good stuff. But now we need to hear the two hours of improvisation these guys did with Charles Gayle. (Imago Records) js

Screw

Dusted — Texas industrial metalists avoid the dreaded sophomore slump with this often incandescent follow-up to last year's incendiary debut, *Burning In water, Drowning In Flame*. The beauty of it hot: anger, volume, harsh textures, simple arrangements soldered to mind-melting riffs. "Sour" works new territory mixing danceable rhythms and an anthemic backing choir to the heaviosity. As does "Mouthful of Dust" with its aggro guitar noise, dizzy electronic loops, and distorted vocals. Side one refashions much of the band's first effort to great effect. (Metal Blade) ds

Glant 6

Soda Pop * Rip Off — Trio of DC girls who've got this whole post-modern pop thing down pat. I prefer the tuneful, quirky punk stuff like "Don't You Ever" and "What Kind of Monster Are You" with their semi-classic chords and endearing off-key singing to the studied art house cool of tunes like "Blue Angel" and "Invisible Footsteps." The latter just don't have enough going on in the way of performance, arrangements or musical ideas to hold the listener's interest for very long. Nevertheless, these young ladies have a lot of promise and it would be something of a surprise if their second release didn't vastly improve upon this one. (Dischord) ds

VANILLA TRAINWRECK

"MORDECAI"

Sleep

Sleep's Holy Mountain — Three kids sitting around getting stoned all day listening to nothing but Black Sabbath. They decide to form a band. Guess what they sound like? No, not Iron Butterfly, you goof. Black Sabbath: sludgy riffs, sluggish tempos and sonorous vocalizing, the latter resembling Ozzy to such a remarkable degree that at first I thought *Holy Mountain* was the long awaited Sabbath reunion CD. But when you listen *real* closely, you start to notice a few things. Like this is lighter than the early BS sound these guys are so obviously trying to recreate. What do I mean by lighter? Well, unlike the original Birmingham foursome, these guys don't have a chip on their shoulder. They're obviously having fun and don't take themselves too seriously ("We're all a bunch of losers."). Moreover, the lyrics aren't the typical Sabbath doom and gloom nonsense; while unabashedly psychedelic—moving inside solar seas and traveling to the center of the sun—Sleep is more concerned with transcendence and regeneration than apocalypse and dark forces. Yet the music is still fairly heavy in a late 60's, early 70's kind of way. A lot of listeners are gonna scream "retro," but I like to think of Sleep as a trio so far behind the times they've actually moved past them. (Earache) ds

Souls At Zero

Souls At Zero — Born of the frustration and despair which only being dumped from major label status and starting from zero can bring about, these Souls used to be known as Wrathchild and the world was then a much brighter place. Getting the boot and having to live in a ditch, however, gave them a new and bitter outlook, and the result makes the world a brighter place for us. Vice-tight Rollins/Pantera-style distress (and I mean that in a *good* way), displayed with all of the passion, power and pain that only those who have loved and lost can understand. It's a *human* thing, you *must* understand; it can happen to anyone. Souls At Zero confront life's most ambivalent problems head-on, kick them over, and find new and even more complex ones to conquer in the process. Thankfully, they effectively capture all of this on tape, giving strength to those courageous enough to bear witness to the aberrations of a world gone mad. (Energy) bj

Soundgarden

Superunknown — Well, they sound closer than ever to their Zep-style roots, and while not necessarily a bad thing, it certainly isn't moving the "alternative" scene forward. Yes, this thing rocks, and rocks hard with a substantial layering of commotion combining heavy riffage and knowing hooks. S'Garden may finally drive the glut of half-assed hipster bands to free themselves to attempt cheap imitations of the real thing, which in turn, will pound the last spike into the casket of the last-gasping modern music scene. This of course will provoke sparks from new bands with fresh sounds to turn the wheel once again. Then, Soundgarden will be known for their influential brilliance . . . but only then. They started all of this, let 'em finish it. (A&M) bj

Splatterheads

Ink Of A Madman's Pen — At sixty-plus minutes, this is a pretty hefty dose of Aussie destructo-rock similar in feel to The Cosmic Psychos (and the U.S.'s AntiSeen) with obvi-



ous nods to Radio Birdman and The Stooges. *Ink Of A Madman's Pen* collects an entire LP, an EP, plus some bonus tracks onto one CD. Even though many of the cuts sound remarkably alike, I can't help but be impressed with the sheer energy of this stuff. It's all hard, fast, loud "rawk," concerned with such weighty matters as "Self Mutilation," "Death-Ray Striplight[s]" and "Feel[ing] The Fear." Pretty damn good! (Dog Meat/Shock) aw

Thought Industry

Mads Carve The Pig: Assassins, Toads and God's Flesh — A real turd-twister, this be. At once intelligent and goofy, this bed-spinning nightmare would be shocking enough to those already familiar with the bizarre and twisted stylings of Primus or King Crimson. But for the less adventurous head-banger, this is a much needed slap of reality. With "lyrics" lengthy and complex enough to fill a sci-fi novella (How the *fuck* does he remember them all?), schizophrenic changes, idiot savant time signatures and a ten-ton, full-throttle roar, this unclassifiable listen by an unclassifiable band is hanging way out on the limbs of modern metal. If it does indeed belong anywhere, it surely belongs in your ears. One must wonder, what weird stroke of fate brought these unique and peculiar musicians/individuals together in the first place? (Metal Blade) bj

Toetag


Reality — A metal-hardcore hybrid, Boston's Toetag is intent on keeping the "scene" alive while expanding its roots to not-so-new but more accessible levels. As with most mixed genres, it's not entirely successful, but it's not a complete failure either, and because of the resulting confusions, punks will love some and hate some, and headbangers likewise. Somewhere in the middle, it drops in some tasty moments for those inclined enough to expand their palate. Hardcore may be on its last legs, but these boys, rather than writing its epitaph, are going down fighting. (Cherry-Disc) bj

Transmisia

Dumbshow — Is this the band that is going to call into question the "so called 'hard edge' which exists in America"? Doubtful, especially when so much of it apes Ministry ("Crack Of Doom" & "White Shit"), Big Black ("Sceptical Beast") and dozens of industrial metal bands. Which doesn't mean I don't like *Dumbshow*; I do. A lot. It's brutal, unrelenting, assaultive, laced with angular rhythms, distorted, shouted vocals and kinetic drumming, and chock full of riffs veering dangerously close to pure noise. Wish I knew what songs like "Pure Impurity" and "Buried Brain" were about, but since these guys are Croatian, maybe it's best I remain in the dark. (Invisible) ds


Trashwomen

Spend The Night With — She was a dream. Or a nightmare. I wasn't sure. It didn't matter. All I knew was that she wanted me. How did I know? She told me. Right after I asked her name. I couldn't resist. That huge blonde semi-Afro. The disgustingly rich, delightfully creamy, impossibly thick make-up. A skimpy outfit accentuating an ass that would have kept most women indoors. At least until they had lost twenty-five or thirty pounds. But she wasn't most




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women. She was a poodle-clipper from Baltimore. She was trash. And she wanted a man. I fit the bill perfectly . . . I think I hear my poodle pruner singing to me but now they are apparently three. Shrill, insistent, out of tune, unabashedly carnal sentiments filling my room. Brash sluts performing sixties garage rock with trashy panache who no doubt love to take it up the ass. This last, I own, is little more than shameless fancy, but O! what I wouldn't give for a pair of these brats' soiled panties. (Estrus) ds

Unsane

Total Destruction — A scholarly wag recently opined that this NY art-thrash trio doesn't so much play their songs as murder them. I wish I had said that. I didn't, so let me say something equally hip: Helmet might sound like this if they didn't give a shit. Magnificent, circular, rumbling, roiling metal frameworks filled in with manic but controlled guitar noise and distortion lying on a bed of simple yet brutally effective drumming. Struggling for notice amidst all this is hoarse shouting desperately trying to pass itself off as singing of some kind. Pithecanthropoid, gut-wrenching noise paying little attention to such niceties as tone or texture: the sound of sensitive souls raging at the inhospitable aesthetic space otherwise known as the Lower East Side. Their drummer overdosed on heroin. The replacement? Vinnie Signorelli, late of the Swans. Why am I not surprised? (Matador) ds

Venison

Well Oiled Machine — A little less oil would've fueled this blown alcohol qualifier into more than quarter final status. As is, things are a bit too slick to be truly ugly, too melodic (not in a good way, though) to be threatening and too ambiguous to end up being much more than scrappy, crappy bar-band music. The signals are pointing in the right direction, however, and hopefully these guys will read this, say "Fuck you!" and kick my holy ass to hell and back with their subsequent efforts. (Big Money Inc) bj

on

MANOR'S MIND

Stately Wayne Manor

Never mind The Sex Pistols, Pink Floyd had an opportunity to pull off THE greatest rock 'n' roll swindle . . . but, boy, did they blow it. (Surprise!) Tix for their summer stadium tour went off at fifty bucks a pop. This means the hearing-impaired public coughed up about a quarter mil plus tens of thousands more in parking, T-shirts, grub, and so on. The entire tour hype was based on a radio campaign shilling "a visual experience you'll never forget." A key point is that the teaser spots never promised anything specific. No flashy light show, pyrotechnics, projections, etc.

What the Pinkos should have done was come on stage in J.C. Penney polyester menswear, played ten minutes of show tunes with all guitars wired through a single twenty-five watt Radio Shack amp, with the drummer pounding an unmiked tom; then, walked off under a banner reading "Thanks, suckers!" Because the show would have been truly unforgettable; they therefore would have lived up to the advanced billing, thus dodging the potential class action lawsuit their fried hippie fans probably couldn't "get together" in the first place.

Had the band the brass to pull such a stunt, they would have been instantly elevated to a position of eminence at the Stately Estate. Instead, they remain nothing more than a mediocre group who got rich hiding their musical limitations behind cheesy gimmicks designed to impress unsophisticated, spaced-out kids. And their fortune will continue to grow thanks to "classic rock" stations, a format programmers define as "the same tired acts we played fifteen years ago while ignoring countless hundreds of musicians who were actually doing something creative and—thus lacking play-it-safe-media support—didn't sell a million albums per release."

Speaking of a wireless medium, I'm quite surprised the sundry "talk radio" programs have NOT been invaded by pranksters. These shows have "target" written all over them.

I'm not suggesting fellow wiseguys phone in to do such juvenile things as belching loudly or screaming "Stern rules." The trick is to sound like a sincere caller and offer opinions or make proclamations which will severely irritate the host and listeners.

Examples? Tell a sports moderator, "I've got a cousin who works at the stadium in St. Louis and he told me the reason Buddy Ryan tried to sign Seth Joyner, Clyde Simmons and a few other key names is because the Cardinals are an all-gay team." On a community forum declare, "We wouldn't have such a pothole problem if the socialists were in office. Before the fall, Moscow had the best road maintenance of any city I've ever been in."

Everybody gripes about there being too many award shows. I say there aren't enough. Reason: the truly worthy categories have yet to be honored. Here are a few, with my personal nominees in C.

★ Favorite Mass Murderer

Guns 'N' Roses' lyricists, Howard Unruh—who indiscriminately shot everyone he saw while walking down a street one day—has been shamefully overlooked by cultists, yellow journalists and made-for-TV film producers.

★ Favorite Star Who Has Inexplicably Maintained Employment In The Entertainment Industry Despite No Apparent Talent

Male: Although Regis Philbin is a strong contender, one has to wonder just who are the people who regularly spend loads of bucks on Steve Guttenberg films.

Female: Having sex with a dergyman is hardly unique, nor is getting a boob job. Yet, Jessica Hahn turns up on videos, infomercials, radio, etc. When does her Vegas revue open?

★ Favorite Frequent Talk Show Guest Resting On Their Laurels

Aging zeppelin Shelley "I Discover Everyone" Winters can boast it's only been thirty-nine years since the excellent *Night Of The Hunter*, but Zsa Zsa Gabor owns bragging rights with the claim her career zenith was the starring role in 1958's *Queen Of Outer Space*.

★ Favorite Star Who Performs The Laziest, Most Transparent Job of Pretending They Care

ESPN's "Espy." Dennis Miller hosts. Nuff said?

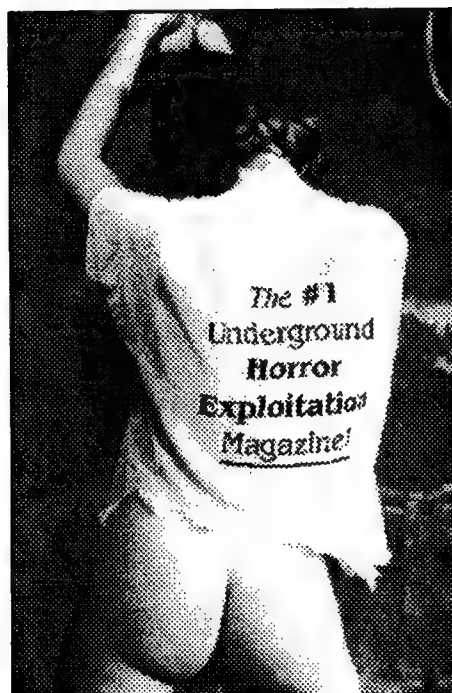


Yvette Stensgaard & Barbara Steele

EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: Anybody else tired of weepy shoegazers wallowing in self-pity with the pathetic excuse "This is the rotten world our elders left us"? So what modern generation didn't pay for the sins of their fathers? Wake up, wise up, shut up . . . How about those New Kids On The Block coming back as NKOTB and magically transforming into B-Boys? That's about as credible as Vanilla Ice's dreadlocks . . . Just once I'd like to see someone on an On-Cor entrees ad shank Al the grocer when he invites himself over for dinner. (Yo, On-Cor, how many decades are you going to run those spots?) . . . What's with sportscasters using "brilliant" as a pet adjective? Like an athlete goes into deep

thought about an upcoming toss before making "a brilliant throw." . . . Do guys who call the 900 hotlines at four a.m. really believe the tarts pictured in the men's mag ads have nothing better to do than answer phone calls from desperate slugs? I saw one ad with a pic of pomstress Megan Leigh—who's been dead about four years! . . . Remember, this summer, when asked "Is this weather hot enough for you?," the correct response is to punch the doll in the mouth and query, "Is this fist hard enough for you?" . . . Almost forgot to mention I've turned your name in to the FBI, but those guys parked by the curb are not agents, they're mob hit men. By the way these pages are opiated just enough to cause you to test positive for heroin use. This message doesn't appear in other *Brut* copies, just yours.

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: You can have the "James Bond Girls." My choice for collective most-appealing babe bunch goes to the gothic gals. No, not the black-clad Bauhaus groupies. I'm referring to the stunning starlets who graced the goth horror films produced in Europe from the late Fifties to the early Seventies—Stephanie Beacham, Yvette Stensgaard, Valerie Gaunt, Barbara Shelley, Barbara Steele et al.—were nothing short of mesmerizing in (and out of) period costumes. When a voluptuous vampiress like Ingrid Pitt promises you'll have her eternal, nocturnal never-aging companionship in exchange for a nip on your neck, there's only one thing to say: **BITE ME.**



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CRAWL MY BAC

Jim Schoene



From our pals at Futurist Records, we have two new releases of note in the Doom/Death sweepstakes. Liverpool has spawned not only Gerry and The Pacemakers, but also **Anathema**, formed originally as a heavy metal quintet known as Pagan Angel. They broadened their scope a bit and have gotten sludgier and darker. The CD includes the *Crestfallen* EP and an unreleased track. Also just out is **My Dying Bride** from Yorkshire. A six piece unit with their roots firmly planted in both Death and Doom metal, they recently added a keyboardist/violinist to the group, achieving a more avant garde sound, if you will. Their new one, *Turn Loose The Swans* expands the Gothic/metal genre using some pretty sophisticated forms and structures. Give these guys a listen.

And don't miss an issue of Dan Clowes' **Eightball** comix, published by Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98115. Some of the best artwork around. The latest installment features Hippy pants and Peace Bear and The Origin of Dan Pussey.

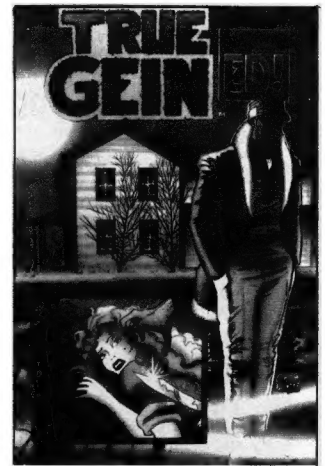
Brother Randall, publisher of *The Bob Tilton Fan Club Newsletter*, has launched another missile of lunacy entitled **Snake Oil**, "Your Guide to Kooky Kontemporary Kristian Kulture." Issue #2 features Boyd Rice, all-around nice guy, interviewing cult expert Bob Larson, the man who sees Satan in everything from T.V. shows to pastries. Also in this issue are some interesting things about David Koresh, and various reviews of television evangelists as well as a review of Tammy Sue Bakker's (daughter of Jim and Tammy Faye) new gospel CD. This is really great stuff and anyone with even a passing interest in these religious right nutballs should subscribe. Brother Randall is also putting the finishing touches on the long-awaited *The Beast of Robert Tilton Scrapbook* which should be done by the time you read this. If sending more than \$5 make checks payable to D. Rose and send to Snake Oil, 6102 East Mockingbird, #3374, Dallas, TX 75214.



I might as well get to the new sounds from our friends at Charnel House, PO Box 170277, San Francisco, CA 94117-0277. We have a lengthy CD compilation called **Land of The Rising Noise** which collects new music from Japan. We have faves like Keiji Haino and old-timers Hijokaidan blowing-up amps right and left, but we also get Omoide Hatoba, a side project of the Boredom's guitarist Yamamoto. (And if you think that Eye is the wildest in the group, think again.) Agencement creates ambient yet weird sounds from the manipulation of acoustic violin. In addition, we have pretty scary industrial stuff from a group called Dissecting Table. If you've never heard any avant garde music (especially from Japan), this is a nice sampler. Also from Charnel House is a new release entitled *Otis* by the strange and mysterious figure known as **Violent**

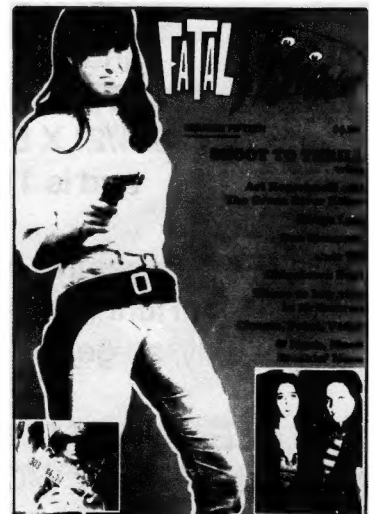
Onsen Geisha. Consisting entirely of tape and turntable manipulation, it includes bits of found sounds such as radio broadcasts, rock-driven fills, Hawaiian guitar, you name it, it's in here. Nice stuff. The great thing about all this wild material is that Charnel House is making it available to us ham-and-egggers at reasonable prices. They don't expect this stuff to sell like *Jar of Flies*; they just want people to be able to hear it if they want to. And you should want to.

☛ Boneyard Press, 22 E. Chalmers, Champaign, IL 61820 has just put out **True Gein**, a comic book bio of everyone's favorite farmer-cannibal-necrophile. It's the basic story of Ed, although it's been updated a bit (the women that Ed kills are all great looking, not the Ethel Merman-types they really were), and the town's name has been changed (from Plainfield to Pleasantville). Is someone gonna sue over this, or what? But overall, it's pretty entertaining, and Boneyard has some other good things available. Write for a catalog. ☛ New from our friends at Sympathy for The Record Industry, 4901 Virginia, Long Beach, CA 90805, the latest from **Loudspeaker**, titled *Rubberneckers vs. Tailgaters*. A loud three-piece with some pretty catchy tunes to boot. They've opened for Unsane and Helmet. Check 'em out. ☛ The latest issue of **Foster Child** includes features on Rev. Horton Heat (whose upcoming SubPop release is said to kill), Gas Huffer and the Devil Dogs. Plenty of singles and LP/CD reviews, it's \$8 for six issues from 7636 Marcy Ct., Glen Burnie, MD 21060-7633.



☛ Fans of psychedelia rejoice! The acid-drenched, sun-baked, totally wiggled-out guitar of **Jesus Acedo** is back. Founder of The Black Sun Ensemble from Tucson, Arizona, Acedo and friends put out two great albums on San Francisco's Reckless label. The third was a pale imitation of the first two. Too much acid in that hot desert sun. A couple of years ago, the Pope was told by the affable Jude of Reckless that Acedo had sent them a tape of what would have been their next album, but it was rejected by the label as "too far out" and "not really very good." Sounded like Jesus was just whacked out of his gourd. As it turns out, that may have been the case. The new release is by the Black Sun Legion and it's called *Psycho Master El*. In the liner notes, Acedo, who now goes by the name Dadagaga Acedo, thanks everyone from his family, the Southern Arizona Mental Health Center, the drugs Prolixin and Ben-zotropine, pornstar Seka, the World Wrestling Federation and its president Jack Tunney, to "the whole wide world on one thousand hits of LSD." Fourteen tracks, mostly instrumental, of rocked-out guitar mania. As the editor of this publication and myself were motoring down the George Washington Parkway, he commented that it was like surf music from Mars. That and more. Get it.

☛ From down under comes the latest **Fatal Visions**, one of the most entertaining mags around. Great photos, lotsa reviews, interviews (the newest has one with Hong Kong director Ringo Lam of the On Fire series), and articles which cover a lot of territory. Plus they love *Brutarian*. Write to them at Fatal Visions, PO Box 133, Northcote, Victoria, Australia 3070. ☛ More craziness from the folks who create **They Won't Stay Dead**. The Spring issue features music, film and book reviews, as well as cartoons. There's also an amusing reply to a bad review given to *TWSD* by some guy who puts out Asylum for Shut-Ins, but it seems like a lot of space to waste (a whole page) on somebody who doesn't get it. All in all, an entertaining mag. \$10 for four issues from Brian Johnson, 11 Werner Road, Greenville, PA 16125-9434. ☛ **Metal Core** is an entertaining publication which deals exclusively with heavy metal, death metal, grindcore, doom metal, and so on. Tons of reviews of "7, demos, CDs, everything. Not the slickest thing around, but the reviews are usually short and to the point.



Available from Chris Forbes, 13 Carriage Lane, Marlton, NJ 08053-0109. ☛ Even wilder is **The Wild Rag**, published by and for America's smallest but heaviest record label of the same name. Full of reviews and news from the European as well as American metal scene, the latest issue features interviews with artists Brad Moore and J. Gaither. Gaither worked with R. K. Sloane and the legendary Ed "Big Daddy" Roth over the years, in addition to doing cover art for The Accursed, G.G. Allin and others. Five bucks gets you six issues from PO Box 3302, MTB. Hills Sta., Montebello, CA 90640. ☛ For Euro-trash film buffs, the second issue of John Martin's

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Giallo Pages has arrived. A nice, big, slick magazine with terrific photos, this one has the second parts of in-depth interviews with actor David Warbeck and director Lucio Fulci, as well as the first installment of one with hard-working actor John Morghen (you know, the one who was emasculated in *Cannibal Ferox* and had his head drilled in *Gates of Hell*). Add reviews and articles on Laura Gemser and spaghetti westerns, and you've got a very entertaining package. Write to Mr. Martin at On Line Publishing, PO Box 134, West PDO, Nottingham, NG77BW, England. You'll be glad you did. — Our old friend Randall Phillip is back with the sixth issue of his *raison d'être*, **FUCK**. Yes folks, this stuff is offensive, it is cheaply produced, it does contain very shocking, often sickening images of fetuses, accident injuries, and other goodies. Yet underneath all the horror and depravity, there is a certain charm, for lack of a better word. Randall just churns out whatever strikes his fancy at a given moment. Overall, I think this is the best issue yet. Check out his poem in the last issue of *Brutarian*. If you can appreciate that on any level, then you'll want a full dose of the man's madness. \$12 a year, \$3 a copy to Randall Phillip Publications, PO Box 2217, Philadelphia, PA 19103. — **Wire** is one of the best music publications around. Published in England, it started out as basically a jazz-oriented magazine but over the last several years has broadened its scope considerably. Now you can read about everyone from Gavin Bryars to the Brotzmanns. The latest has one of the final interviews with Zappa, stuff about Kristin Hersh, and reviews of all kinds of music. Write to them c/o Wire, Freepost, 45/46 Poland St., London, W1V 3DF, United Kingdom. — For those who don't want to spend the time going to flea markets and yard sales in order to add to their weird LP collection, we have just the thing. It's **The Underground Culture Vulture**. Basically a fanzine on cassette, each issue features a heady selection of musical weirdness from Yma Sumac to Martin Denny to exotic rainforest sounds to spoken-word snippets and so on. The tape comes with a set of cards which reproduce album covers, ads and other bits of ephemera. My only gripe is that you sometimes need an electron microscope to read them, but why quibble? If you're into this stuff (and a lot of you are), this is a great way to sample some way out sounds. These guys want cash only (they also do a lot of trading too). Write to: C. M. James, The Underground Culture Vulture, 408 Washington N.W., Warren, Ohio 44483. ■



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